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ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL, 1913

The Strange City

By W. H. Davies

My song is of that city which
Has men too poor and men too rich;
Where some are sick, too richly fed,
While others take the sparrows' bread;
Where some have beds to warm their bones,
While others sleep on hard, cold stones
That suck away their bodies' heat.
Where men are drunk in every street;
Men full of poison, like those flies
That still attack the horses' eyes.
Where some men freeze for want of cloth,
While others show their jewels' worth
And dress in satin, fur or silk;
Where fine rich ladies wash in milk,
While starving mothers have no food
To make them fit in flesh and blood;
So that their watery breasts can give
Their babies milk and make them live.
Where one man does the work of four,
And dies worn out before his hour;
While some seek work in vain, and grief
Doth make their fretful lives as brief.
Where ragged men are seen to wait
For charity that's small and late;
While others haunt in idle leisure,
Theatre doors, to pay for pleasure.
No more I'll walk those crowded places
And take hot dreams from harlots' faces;

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I'll know no more those passions' dreams,
While musing near these quiet streams;
That biting state of savage lust
Which, true love absent, burns to dust.
Gold's rattle shall not rob my ears
Of this sweet music of the spheres.
I'll walk abroad with fancy free;
Each leafy, summer's morn I'll see
The trees, all legs or bodies, when
They vary in their shapes like men.
I'll walk abroad and see again
How quiet pools are pricked by rain;
And you shall hear a song as sweet
As when green leaves and raindrops meet.

.

The Lark that in heaven dim
Can match a rainy hour
With his own music's shower,
Can make me sing like him—
Heigh ho! The rain!

Sing—when a Nightingale
Pours forth her own sweet soul
To hear dread thunder roll
Into a tearful tale—
Heigh ho! The rain!

Sing—when a Sparrow's seen
Trying to lie at rest
By pressing his warm breast
To leaves so wet and green—
Heigh ho! The rain!

.

I'll hear the Nightingale's fine mood,
Rattling with thunder in the wood,
Made bolder by each mighty crash;
Who drives her notes with every flash
Of lightning through the summer's night.
No more I'll walk in that pale light
That shows the homeless man awake,
Ragged and cold; harlot and rake
That have their hearts in rags, and die
Before that poor wretch they pass by.
Nay, I have found a life so fine
That every moment seems divine;

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By shunning all those pleasures full,
That bring repentance cold and dull;
A life so fine that my heart sings
This song in pity of poor kings.

.

God's pity on poor kings,
They know no gentle rest;
The North and South cry out,
Cries come from East and West—
"Come, open this new Dock,
Building, Bazaar or Fair."
Lord, what a wretched life
Such men must bear.

.

They're followed, watched and spied,
No liberty they know;
Some eye will watch them still,
No matter where they go.
When in green lanes I muse,
Alone, and hear birds sing,
God's pity then, say I,
On some poor king.

.

And yet methought, when first I entered there,
Into that city with my wondering mind,
How marvellous its many sights and sounds;
The traffic with its sound of heavy seas
That have and would again unseat the rocks.
How common then seemed Nature's hills and fields
Compared with these high domes and even streets,
And churches with white towers and bodies black.
The traffic's sound was music to my ears;
A sound of where the white waves, hour by hour,
Attack a reef of coral rising yet;
Or where a mighty warship in a fog,
Steams into a large fleet of little boats,
Aye, and that fog was strange and wonderful,
That made men blind and grope their way at noon.

.

I saw the fog grow thick,
Which soon made blind my ken;
It made tall men of boys,
And giants of tall men.

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It clutched my throat, I coughed;
Nothing was in my head
Except two heavy eyes
Like balls of burning lead.

And when it grew so black
That I could know no place,
I lost all judgment then,
Of distance and of space.

The street lamps, and the lights
Upon the halted cars,
Could either be on earth
Or be the heavenly stars.

A man passed by me close,
I asked my way, he said,
"Come, follow me, my friend"—
I followed where he led.

He rapped the stones in front,
"Trust me," he said, "and come";
I followed like a child—
A blind man led me home.

.
A wondrous city, that had temples there
More rich than that one built by David's son,
Which called forth Ophir's gold, when Israel
Made Lebanon half naked for her sake.
I saw white towers where so-called traitors died—
True men whose tongues were bells to honest hearts,
And rang out boldly in false monarch's ears.
Saw old black gateways, on whose arches crouched
Stone lions with their bodies gnawed by age.
I looked with awe on iron gates that could
Tell bloody stories if they had our tongues.
I saw tall mounted spires shine in the sun,
That stood amidst their army of low streets.
I saw in buildings pictures, statues rare,
Made in those days when Rome was young, and new
In marble quarried from Carrara's hills;
Statues by sculptors that could almost make
Fine cobwebs out of stone—so light they worked.
Pictures that breathe in us a living soul,
Such as we seldom feel come from that life
The artist copies. Many a lovely sight—
Such as the half-sunk barge with bales of hay,

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Or sparkling coals—employed my wondering eyes.
I saw old Thames, whose ripples swarmed with stars
Bred by the sun on that fine summer's day;
I saw in fancy fowl and green banks there,
And Liza's barge rowed past a thousand swans.
I walked in parks and heard sweet music cry
In solemn courtyards, midst the men-at-arms;
Which suddenly would leap those stony walls
And spring up with loud laughter into trees.
I walked in busy streets where music oft
Went on the march with men; and oftentimes heard
The organ in cathedral, when the boys
Like nightingales sang in that thunderstorm;
The organ, with its rich and solemn tones—
As near a God's voice as a man conceives;
Nor ever dreamt the silent misery
That solemn organ brought to homeless men.

.

The homeless man has heard thy voice,
Its sound doth move his memory deep;
He stares bewildered, as a man
That's shook by earthquake in his sleep.

Thy solemn voice doth bring to mind
The days that are forever gone;
Thou bringest to mind our early days,
Ere we made second homes or none.

.

I heard the drums and soft brass instruments,
Led by the silver cornets clear and high—
Whose sounds turned playing children into stones.
I saw at night that City's lights shine bright,
A greater milky way; how in its spell
It fascinated with ten thousand eyes;
Like those sweet wiles of an enchantress who
Would still detain her knight gone cold in love;
It was an iceberg with long arms unseen,
That felt the deep for vessels far away.
All things seemed strange, I stared like any child
That pores on some old face and sees a world
Which its familiar granddad and his dame
Hid with their love and laughter until then.
My feet had not yet felt the cruel rocks
Beneath the pleasant moss I seemed to tread.
But soon my ears grew weary of that din,
My eyes grew tired of all that flesh and stone;

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And, as a snail that crawls on a smooth stalk,
Will reach the end and find a sharpened thorn—
So did I reach the cruel end at last.
I saw the starving mother and her child,
Who feared that Death would surely end its sleep,
And cursed the wolf of Hunger with her moans.

.

My little Lamb, what is amiss?
If there was milk in mother's kiss,
You would not look as white as this.

The wolf of Hunger, it is he
That takes away thy milk from me,
And I have much to do for thee.

If thou couldst live on love, I know
No babe in all the land could show
More rosy cheeks and louder crow.

Thy father's dead, Alas for thee:
I cannot keep this wolf from me,
That takes thy milk so bold and free.

If thy dear father lived, he'd drive
Away this beast with whom I strive,
And thou, my pretty Lamb, wouldst thrive.

Ah, my poor babe, my love's so great
I'd swallow common rags for meat—
If they could make milk rich and sweet.

My little Lamb, what is amiss?
Come, I must wake thee with a kiss,
For Death would own a sleep like this.

.

I do not know his grace the Duke,
Outside whose gilded gate there died
Of want a feeble, poor old man,
With but his shadow at his side.

I do not know his Lady fair,
Who in a bath of milk doth lie;
More milk than could feed fifty babes,
That for the want of it must die.

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But well I know the mother poor,
Three pounds of flesh wrapped in her shawl;
A puny babe that, stripped at home,
Looks like a rabbit skinned, so small.

And well I know the homeless waif,
Fed by the poorest of the poor;
Since I have seen that child alone,
Crying against a bolted door.

.
I saw that City with fierce human surge,
With millions of dark waves that still spread out
To swallow more of their green boundaries.
Then came a day that noise so stirred my soul,
I called them hellish sounds, and thought red war
Was better far than peace in such a town.
To hear that din all day, sometimes my mind
Went crazed, and it seemed strange, as I were lost
In some vast forest full of chattering apes.
It made the homeless madman in the night
Mock all the common sounds that reached his ears,
Singing this song so strange and pitiful.

.
This wind will with his owl-like voice
Keeps moaning till he drives me mad;
What, will you never stop? you swine,
Knowing I feel so bad;
Then I'll mock *you*—
Who-o! Who-o! Who-o!

Hear that big iron engine too;
People are going somewhere now,
But anywhere's the same to me—
It still does puff and blow:
Well, I can hoot—
Toot, toot! Toot, toot! Toot, toot!

What's that, the clock? Now, by my soul,
Since I can get no quiet sleep,
I, weak and hungry as I am,
Will boom as strong and deep:
The world's our room—
Boom! Boom! Boom!

Now curse that dog, I'm nearly crazed,
This life indeed is getting hard;

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That cursed thing, can he smell me
So far from his backyard?
Well, *I'll bark now—*
Bow, wow! Bow, wow! Bow, wow!

Now let me sleep—what's that so near?
It sounded like a little cat;
What, did I hear my starved inside,
And never thought 'twas that?
Oh what a joke—
Ha, ha! My God, I'll choke!

.

Poor homeless men, what sin is theirs,
That they're despised by Fortune's heirs.
They hear the bell of midnight toll
And shiver in their flesh and soul;
They lie on hard, cold wood and stone,
Iron, and ache in every bone.
They hate the night; they see no eyes
Of loved ones in the starlit skies.
They see the cold, dark water near,
But dare not take long looks for fear
They'll fall like those weak birds that see
A snake's eye staring at their tree.
Some of them laugh half mad, and some
All through the chilly night are dumb;
Like poor, weak infants some converse,
And cough like giants, deep and hoarse.

.

Those poor, heartbroken wretches, doomed
To hear at night the clocks' hard tones;
They have no beds to warm their limbs,
But with those limbs must warm cold stones;
Those poor weak men, whose coughs and ailings
Force them to tear at iron railings.

Those helpless men that starve, my pity;
Whose waking day is never done;
Who, save for their own shadows, are
Doomed night and day to walk alone:
They know no bright face but the sun's,
So cold and dark are human ones.

.

How sick I grew to hear that lasting noise,
And all those people forced across my sight,

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Knowing the acres of green fields and woods
That in some country parts outnumbered men;
In half an hour ten thousand men I passed—
More than nine thousand should have been green trees.
There on a summer's day I saw such crowds
That where there was no man man's shadow was;
Millions all cramped together in one hive,
Storing, methought, more bitter stuff than sweet.
The air was foul and stale; from their green homes
Young blood had brought its fresh and rosy cheeks,
Which soon turned colour, like blue streams in flood.
Aye solitude, black solitude indeed,
To meet a million souls and know not one;
This world must soon grow stale to one compelled
To look all day at faces strange and cold.
Oft full of smoke, that town; its summer's day
Was darker than a summer's night at sea;
Poison was there, and still men rushed for it,
Like cows for acorns that have made them sick.
That town was rich and old; man's flesh was cheap,
But common earth was dear to buy one foot.
If I must be fenced in, then let my fence
Be some green hedgerow; under its green sprays,
That shake suspended, let me walk in joy—
As I do now, in these dear months I love.

.

The sky is clear,
The sun is bright;
The cows are red,
The sheep are white:
Trees in the meadows
Make happy shadows.

Birds in the hedge
Are perched and sing;
Swallows and larks
Are on the wing:
Two merry cuckoos
Are making echoes.

Bird and the beast
Have the dew yet;
My road shines dry,
Theirs bright and wet:
Death gives no warning,
On this May morning.

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I see no Christ
Nailed on a tree,
Dying for sin;
No sin I see:
No thoughts for sadness,
All thoughts for gladness.

.

I sit beneath your leaves, old oak,
You mighty one of all the trees;
Within whose hollow trunk a man
Could stable his big horse with ease.

I see your knuckles hard and strong,
But have no fear they'll come to blows;
Your life is long, and mine is short,
But which has known the greater woes?

Thou hast not seen starved women here,
Or man gone mad because ill-fed—
Who stares at stones in city streets,
Mistaking them for hunks of bread.

Thou hast not felt the shivering backs
Of homeless children lying down
And sleeping in the cold, night air—
Like doors and walls in London town.

Knowing thou hast not known such shame,
And only storms have come thy way,
Methinks I could in comfort spend
My summer with thee, day by day.

To lie by day in thy green shade,
And in thy hollow rest at night;
And through the open doorway see
The stars turn over leaves of light.

.

For youth was my old age,
Weary and long;
It had too many cares
To think of song;
My moulting days all came
When I was young.

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Now, in life's prime, my soul
Comes out in flower;
Late, as with Robin, comes
My singing power;
I was not born to joy
Till this late hour.

.

Then send your pearls across the sea,
Your feathers, scent and ivory,
You distant lands—but let my bales
Be brought by Cuckoos, Nightingales,
That come in spring from your far shores;
Sweet birds that carry richer stores
Than men can dream of, when they prize
Fine silks and pearls for merchandise;
And dream of ships that take the floods
Sunk to their decks with such vain goods;
Bringing that traitor silk, whose soft,
Smooth tongue persuades the poor too oft
From sweet content; and pearls, whose fires
Make ashes of our best desires.
For I have heard the sighs and whines
Of rich men that drink costly wines
And eat the best of fish and fowl;
Men that have plenty, and still growl
Because they cannot like kings live—
"Alas!" they whine, "we cannot save."
Since I have heard those rich ones sigh,
Made poor by their desires so high,
I cherish more a simple mind;
That I am well content to find
My pictures in the open air,
And let my walls and floors go bare;
That I with lovely things can fill
My rooms, whene'er sweet Fancy will.
I make a fallen tree my chair,
And soon forget no cushion's there;
I lie upon the grass or straw,
And no soft down do I sigh for;
For with me all the time I keep
Sweet dreams that, do I wake or sleep,
Shed on me still their kindly beams;
Aye, I am richer with my dreams
Than banks where men dull-eyed and cold
Without a tremble shovel gold.
A happy life is this. I walk
And hear more birds than people talk;

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I hear the birds that sing unseen,
On boughs now smothered with leaves green;
I sit and watch the swallows there,
Making a circus in the air;
That speed around straight-going crow,
As sharks around a ship can go;
I hear the skylark out of sight,
Hid perfectly in all this light.
The dappled cows in fields I pass,
Up to their bosoms in deep grass;
Old oak-trees, with their bowels gone,
I see with spring's green finery on.
I watch the buzzing bees for hours,
To see them rush at laughing flowers—
And butterflies that lie so still.
I see great houses on the hill,
With shining roofs; and there shines one,
It seems that Heaven has dropped the sun.
I see yon cloudlet sail the skies,
Racing with clouds ten times its size.
I walk green pathways, where love waits
To talk in whispers at old gates;
Past stiles—on which I lean, alone—
Carved with the names of lovers gone;
I stand on arches whose dark stones
Can turn the wind's soft sighs to groans.
I hear the Cuckoo, when first he
Makes this green world's discovery,
And re-creates it in my mind,
Proving my eyes were growing blind.
I see the rainbow come forth clear
And wave her coloured scarf to cheer
The sun long swallowed by a flood—
So do I live in lane and wood.
Let me look forward to each spring
As eager as the birds that sing;
And feed my eyes on spring's young flowers
Before the bees by many hours;
My heart to leap and sing her praise
Before the birds by many days.
Go white my hair and skin go dry—
But let my heart a dewdrop lie
Inside those leaves when they go wrong,
As fresh as when my life was young.

To Algernon Charles Swinburne

(Died April 10th, 1909.)

By John Helston

I.

This April night that takes into its breath
The nightingale's first passion, faint and sparse,
Surely thy name it saith,
Like music in the heath,
A shining music shaken from the stars!
With Song's immortal crown,
Though death thy life enthrone,
To-night my soul would humbly look to thine,
Here, where mine eyes looked last upon thine own,
Here, where thy feet a thousand times have trod.
Nor clearer should the starry-circled zone
Burn, than thy glory, if aught be divine
And Love and Truth and Beauty make for God.
Shall I not find thee here,
Master? nor know thee near?
I feel the fires of heaven on mine eyes:
Though dark to mortal sight,
The earth-line halves the night,
I share the endless glory of the skies.
And seems it me the winds have answer given,
Blown earthward from behind the stars in heaven.

2.

I hear thine echoes round, as though the world
Fills her own flight with pæans through the spheres,
Whilst dying creeds as rotting leaves are swirled
Along the dust of the decaying years,
Till all the tree of Priestcraft's faith be bare
Of fruit or any blossom as of leaves:
Yea, as a god in whom no man believes
Shall surely perish, faith shall perish there.
Before man was were only Truth and Song.

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Yea, singer, seer, and prophet,—Master, thou!
Who sawest the future clearly come to pass,
As from some far serene beyond the brow
Of Morning,—and God mirrored in a glass,
Wherein are Love and Truth where Fears are now.
When man at last shall stand forth true and strong
Of his own spirit, Truth shall right the wrong,
The light of very God, that Falsehood mars:
Still shall be heartened April into song,
And there be heard old music in the stars.

3.

What shall be said of thee, for poets' part
Of tribute that the world must always owe,
So long as Thought may burgeon into speech,
The language lovely from thy long-ago?
For me be said:—"Thou didst so do for Art
What Art herself shall only do for man."
Whereby The Soul is quick with life to teach,
To all, her truths of Beauty that express
The glory of her spirit's loveliness
Lips breathing baser lifehood never can.
For thee, no more with blasphemies bedight
Shall forceful Fraud disguise the beast it is,
Nor large Untruth add any sun to night
Or star to day by vaunt of sophistries.
But Man's own Truth hast clothed with living light
To justify in song The Harmonies.
One day in his own spirit shall he come
The sweetlier for thy singing to the gates
Of Truth's white temple, wherein Manhood waits,
By orient aisles of Beauty, to his home.
And that great organ of Time's hemisphere
Where never wind nor whisper yet has passed
Shall waken from its silent sleep at last.
Then shall the people answer:—"Man is here!
Love, Truth, and Beauty—with nor hope nor fear,
Nor gains of Gods or Mammon overcast!"

4.

The spirits of all winds and seas and suns,
The many-throated music made in spring,
Move in thine own; with that deep chord that runs
Throughout Time's heart-beats, ever echoing.
Yea, Master, is such music in thine own,
That in thy song Time's pulse awakes and falls. . . .

TO ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Or with large sounds of wonder
Thy words are rolled in thunder
And boom of breakers on the landward walls. . . .
Where clanging deep to deep reverberant calls
And all the mouths of ocean make their moan,
On seamew pinions glides
Above the swirl of tides
Thy singing, as of sea-winds bred and blown.
Yea, Master, is such music in thine own!

5.

Here where thou wendedst I have oft-times wandered
When the larks hold their joyous evening choir
Until the shadow-lengthening day retire
From off the gorse and broom with gold-dust squandered,
Nor grudge all hours of light their lilt's refrain;
Leaving to dark, laments, for Itys slain,
Of that bright bird thou, living, lovedst so well.
Alas! now nightingale and lark no more
Can charm thy heedless ear; or Death restore
To thee, within thine island tomb, a subtler spell—
Sea voices on the shore.

6.

Alas? Nay! Wherefore shall I weep for thee?
Who art not for man's tears but for Time's praise:
Nor shall of man be counted all thy days.
"O sweet strange elder singer," bear with me!
I weary, and awhile am fain for rest;
Oh, lend me of such peace as fills thine own,
An hour!—then of thy strength to feed my breast
(That I may stand alone)
With fire of singing as with fire of flame—
(I ask but of thy strength, not any fame)
Some spark of that which dwells about thy name,
With such a light as burns along the west.
Once more I wait and watch: the day is gone:
Comes night, and a great silence o'er the land:
And down the dusk, like dead leaves blown upon,
Thy footsteps echo past me as I stand!

7.

Master! I loved thee! Stay . . . ah, hast thou passed
Into the southward darkness evermore?
Wilt thou for me wait, even at the last,
If Death's tide turn to shore?

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Yea, thou art gone, and never to return,
For all my soul to thee for ever yearn,
For all my soul of thee were fain to learn
That secret sea-way's lore.
Is it but sleep unknown of dreams out there
Where are no stars nor is there any sun?
Hast thou found on that flood fall stars more fair—
Now these of earth are done?
Or with some star death-stricken into air
Perchance thy soul is one? . . .
For thee no more shall winter melt in spring,
Though men should die as larks rise from the heath,
Singing, with but a more ethereal breath,
A happier song to suns in holier skies;
For thee no shrouds shall autumn evenings bring
When earthly summer dies.

8.

Farewell! thou art beyond all joy and sorrow.
Sleep, Master, through the ages, by the sea.
While Man shall wake at all to any morrow,
In Song for ever shall thy kingdom be. . . .
Farewell? I feel art near, nor me forsaken!
Strong beats my blood: the battle bugles sound
Along the world, till all the night be shaken,
And Freedom's wings by Fear no more be bound. . . .
And surely shall of death no man discover
If in it there be aught, till death befall:
Life still shall good be found to every lover:
Unborn shall no man love nor live at all. . . .
If in all good things love be found the best,
Shall there be any kinder thing than rest? . . .

9.

For all in vain we question! Not more vainly
The thrush, his speckled breast inflating, strains
With song for him for whom no sound remains.
Nay! were it better, even if more plainly—
Knowing the fruits of Life—we saw in Death
Strange orchard-lands of unknown blossom, 'neath
A changeless sky of light, and always light,
Should we not miss the harvest Death debar—
The seeds which fruit in strife that makes or mars?
If Death were one long day where is no night,
Should we not miss the stars?

The Story Teller's Craft

Seeing Life—I.

By Arnold Bennett

A YOUNG dog, inexperienced, sadly lacking in even primary education, ambles and frisks along the footpath of Fulham Road, near the mysterious gates of a Marist convent. He is a large puppy, on the way to be a dog of much dignity, but at present he has little to recommend him but that gawky elegance, and that bounding gratitude for the gift of life, which distinguish the normal puppy. He is an ignorant fool. He might have entered the convent of nuns and had a fine time, but instead he steps off the pavement into the road, the road being a vast and interesting continent imperfectly explored. His confidence in his nose, in his agility, and in the goodness of God is touching, absolutely painful to witness. He glances casually at a huge, towering vermilion construction that is whizzing towards him on four wheels, preceded by a glint of brass and a wisp of steam; and then with disdain he ignores it as less important than a mere speck of odorous matter in the mud. The next instant he is lying inert in the mud. His confidence in the goodness of God had been misplaced. Since the beginning of time God had ordained him a victim.

An impressive thing happens. The motor-'bus reluctantly slackens and stops. Not the differential brake, nor the foot-brake, has arrested the motor-'bus, but the invisible brake of public opinion, acting by administrative transmission. There is not a policeman in sight. Theoretically, the motor-'bus is free to whiz onward in its flight to the paradise of Shoreditch, but in practice it is paralysed by dread. A man in brass buttons and a stylish cap leaps down from it, and the blackened demon who sits on its neck also

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leaps down from it, and they move gingerly towards the puppy. A little while ago the motor-'bus might have overturned a human cyclist or so, and proceeded nonchalant on its way. But now even a puppy requires a post-mortem : such is the force of public opinion aroused. Two policemen appear in the distance.

A "street accident" is now in being, and a crowd gathers with calm joy and stares, passive and determined. The puppy offers no sign whatever; just lies in the road. Then a boy, destined probably to a great future by reason of his singular faculty of initiative, goes to the puppy and carries him by the scruff of the neck to the shelter of the gutter. Relinquished by the boy, the lithe puppy falls into an easy horizontal attitude, and seems bent upon repose. The boy lifts the puppy's head to examine it, and the head drops back wearily. The puppy is dead. No cry, no blood, no disfigurement! Even no perceptible jolt of the wheel as it climbed over the obstacle of the puppy's body! A wonderfully clean and perfect accident!

The increasing crowd stares with beatific placidity. People emerge impatiently from the bowels of the throbbing motor-'bus and slip down from its back, and either join the crowd or vanish. The two policemen and the crew of the motor-'bus have now met in parley. The conductor and the driver have an air at once nervous and resigned; their gestures are quick and vivacious. The policemen, on the other hand, indicate by their slow and huge movements that eternity is theirs. And they could not be more sure of the conductor and the driver if they had them manacled and leashed. The conductor and the driver admit the absolute dominion of the elephantine policemen; they admit that before the simple will of the policemen inconvenience, lost minutes, shortened leisure, docked wages, count as less than naught. And the policemen are carelessly sublime, well knowing that magistrates, jails, and the very Home Secretary on his throne—yes, and a whole system of conspiracy and perjury and brutality—are at their beck in case of need. And yet occasionally in the demeanour of the policemen towards the conductor and the driver there is a silent message that says: "After all, we too are working-men like you, over-worked and under-paid and bursting with grievances in the service of the pitiless

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and dishonest public. We, too, have wives and children and privations and frightful apprehensions. We, too, have to struggle desperately. Only the awful magic of these garments and of the garter which we wear on our wrists sets an abyss between us and you." And the conductor writes and one of the policemen writes, and they keep on writing, while the traffic makes beautiful curves to avoid them.

The still increasing crowd continues to stare in the pure blankness of pleasure. A close-shaved, well-dressed, middle-aged man, with a copy of *The Sportsman* in his podgy hand, who has descended from the motor-'bus, starts stamping his feet. "I was knocked down by a taxi last year," he says fiercely. "But nobody took no notice of *that!* Are they going to stop here all the blank morning for a blank tyke?" And for all his respectable appearance, his features become debased, and he emits a jet of disgusting profanity and brings most of the Trinity into the thunderous assertion that he has paid his fare. Then a man passes wheeling a muck-cart. And he stops and talks a long time with the other uniforms because he, too, wears vestiges of a uniform. And the crowd never moves nor ceases to stare. Then the new arrival stoops and picks up the unclaimed, masterless puppy, and flings it, all soft and yielding, into the horrid mess of the cart, and passes on. And only that which is immortal and divine of the puppy remains behind, floating perhaps like an invisible vapour over the scene of the tragedy.

The crowd is tireless, all eyes. The four principals still converse and write. Nobody in the crowd comprehends what they are about. At length the driver separates himself, but is drawn back and a new parley is commenced. But everything ends. The policemen turn on their immense heels. The driver and conductor race towards the motor-'bus. The bell rings. The motor-'bus, quite empty, disappears snorting round the corner into Walham Green. The crowd is now lessening. But it separates with reluctance, many of its members continuing to stare with intense absorption at the place where the puppy lay or the place where the policemen stood. An appreciable interval elapses before the "street accident" has entirely ceased to exist as a phenomenon.

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The members of the crowd follow their noses, and during the course of the day remark to acquaintances:

"Saw a dog run over by a motor-'bus in the Fulham Road this morning! Killed dead!"

And that is all they do remark. That is all they have witnessed. They will not, and could not, give intelligible and interesting particulars of the affair (unless it were as to the breed of the dog or the number of the 'bus-service). They have watched a dog run over. They analyse neither their sensations nor the phenomenon. They have witnessed it whole, as a bad writer uses a *cliché*. They have observed—that is to say, they have really seen—nothing.

II

It will be well for us not to assume an attitude of condescension towards the crowd. Because in the matter of looking without seeing we are all about equal. We all go to and fro in a state of the observing faculties which somewhat resembles coma. We are all content to look and not see.

And if and when, having comprehended that the *rôle* of observer is not passive but active, we determine by an effort to rouse ourselves from the coma and really to see the spectacle of the world (a spectacle surpassing circuses and even street accidents in sustained dramatic interest), we shall discover, slowly in the course of time, that the act of seeing, which seems so easy, is not so easy as it seems. Let a man resolve: "I will keep my eyes open on the way to the office of a morning," and the probability is that for many mornings he will see naught that is not trivial, and that his system of perspective will be absurdly distorted. The unusual, the unaccustomed, will infallibly attract him, to the exclusion of what is fundamental and universal. Travel makes observers of us all, but the things which as travellers we observe generally show how unskilled we are in the new activity.

A man went to Paris for the first time, and observed right off that the carriages of suburban trains had seats on the roof like a tramcar. He was so thrilled by the remarkable discovery that he observed almost nothing else. This enormous fact occupied the whole foreground of his

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perspective. He returned home and announced that Paris was a place where people rode on the tops of trains. A Frenchwoman came to London for the first time—and no English person would ever guess the phenomenon which vanquished all others in her mind on the opening day. She saw a cat walking across a street. The vision excited her. For in Paris cats do not roam in thoroughfares, because there are practically no houses with gardens or "areas"; the flat system is unfavourable to the enlargement of cats. I remember once, in the days when observation had first presented itself to me as a beautiful pastime, getting up very early and making the circuit of inner London before summer dawn in quest of interesting material. And the one note I gathered was that the ground in front of the all-night coffee-stalls was white with eggshells! What I needed then was an operation for cataract. I also remember taking a man to the opera who had never seen an opera. The work was *Lohengrin*. When we came out he said: "That swan's neck was rather stiff." And it was all he did say. We went and had a drink. He was not mistaken. His observation was most just; but his perspective was that of those literary critics who give ten lines to pointing out three slips of syntax, and three lines to an ungrammatical admission that the novel under survey is not wholly tedious.

But a man may acquire the ability to observe even a large number of facts, and still remain in the infantile stage of observation. I have read, in some work of literary criticism, that Dickens could walk up one side of a long, busy street and down the other, and then tell you in their order the names on all the shop-signs; the fact was alleged as an illustration of his great powers of observation. Dickens was a great observer, but he would assuredly have been a still greater observer had he been a little less pre-occupied with trivial and unco-ordinated details. Good observation consists not in multiplicity of detail, but in co-ordination of detail according to a true perspective of relative importance, so that a finally just general impression may be reached in the shortest possible time. The skilled observer is he who does not have to change his mind. One has only to compare one's present adjusted impression of an intimate friend with one's first impression of him to

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perceive the astounding inadequacy of one's powers of observation. The man as one has learnt to see him is simply not the same man who walked into one's drawing-room on the day of introduction.

There are, by the way, three sorts of created beings who are sentimentally supposed to be able to judge individuals at the first glance: women, children and dogs. By virtue of a mystic gift with which rumour credits them, they are never mistaken. It is merely not true. Women are constantly quite wrong in the estimates based on their "feminine instinct"; they sometimes even admit it; and the matrimonial courts prove it *passim*. Children are more often wrong than women. And as for dogs, it is notorious that they are for ever being taken in by plausible scoundrels; the perspective of dogs is grotesque. Not seldom have I grimly watched the gradual disillusion of deceived dogs. Nevertheless, the sentimental legend of the infallibility of women, children, and dogs will persist in Anglo-Saxon countries.

III

One is curious about one's fellow creatures: therefore one watches them. And generally the more intelligent one is, the more curious one is, and the more one observes. The mere satisfaction of this curiosity is in itself a worthy end, and would alone justify the business of systematised observation. But the aim of observation may, and should, be expressed in terms more grandiose. Human curiosity counts among the highest social virtues (as indifference counts among the basest defects), because it leads to the disclosure of the causes of character and temperament and thereby to a better understanding of the springs of human conduct. Observation is not practised directly with this high end in view (save by prigs and other futile souls); nevertheless it is a moral act and must inevitably promote kindness—whether we like it or not. It also sharpens the sense of beauty. An ugly deed—such as a deed of cruelty—takes on artistic beauty when its origin and hence its fitness in the general scheme begin to be comprehended. In the perspective of history we can derive an æsthetic pleasure from the tranquil scrutiny of all kinds of conduct

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—as well, for example, of a Renaissance Pope as of a Savonarola. Observation endows our day and our street with the romantic charm of history, and stimulates charity—not the charity which signs cheques, but the more precious charity which puts itself to the trouble of understanding. The one condition is that the observer must never lose sight of the fact that what he is trying to see is life, is the woman next door, is the man in the train—and not a concourse of abstractions. To appreciate all this is the first inspiring preliminary to sound observation.

IV

The second preliminary is to realise that all physical phenomena are inter-related, that there is nothing which does not bear on everything else. The whole spectacular and sensual show—what the eye sees, the ear hears, the nose scents, the tongue tastes and the skin touches—is a cause or an effect of human conduct. Naught can be ruled out as negligible, as not forming part of the equation. Hence he who would beyond all others see life for himself—I naturally mean the novelist and playwright—ought to embrace all phenomena in his curiosity. Being finite, he cannot. Of course he cannot! But he can, by obtaining a broad notion of the whole, determine with some accuracy the position and relative importance of the particular series of phenomena to which his instinct draws him. If he does not thus envisage the immense background of his special interests, he will lose the most precious feeling for interplay and proportion without which all specialism becomes distorted and positively darkened.

Now, the main factor in life on this planet is the planet itself. Any logically conceived survey of existence must begin with geographical and climatic phenomena. This is surely obvious. If you say that you are not interested in meteorology or the configurations of the earth, I say that you deceive yourself. You are. For an east wind may upset your liver and cause you to insult your wife. Beyond question the most important fact about, for example, Great Britain is that it is an island. We sail amid the Hebrides, and then talk of the fine qualities and the distressing limitations of those islanders; it ought to occur to us English

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that we are talking of ourselves in little. In moments of journalistic vainglory we are apt to refer to the "sturdy island race," meaning us. But that we are insular in the full significance of the horrid word is certain. Why not? A genuine observation of the supreme phenomenon that Great Britain is surrounded by water—an effort to keep it always at the back of the consciousness—will help to explain all the minor phenomena of British existence. Geographical knowledge is the mother of discernment, for the varying physical characteristics of the earth are the sole direct terrestrial influence determining the evolution of original vital energy.

All other influences are secondary, and have been effects of character and temperament before becoming causes. Perhaps the greatest of them are roads and architecture. Nothing could be more English than English roads, or more French than French roads. Enter England from France, let us say through the gate of Folkestone, and the architectural illustration which greets you (if you can look and see) is absolutely dramatic in its spectacular force. You say that there is no architecture in Folkestone. But Folkestone, like other towns, is just as full of architecture as a wood is full of trees. As the train winds on its causeway over the sloping town you perceive below you thousands of squat little homes, neat, tended, respectable, comfortable, prim, at once unostentatious and conceited. Each a separate, clearly-defined entity! Each saying to the others: "Don't look over my wall, and I won't look over yours!" Each with a ferocious jealousy bent on guarding its own individuality! Each a stronghold—an island! And all careless of the general effect, but making a very impressive general effect. The English race is below you. Your own son is below you insisting on the inviolability of his own den of a bedroom! . . . And contrast all that with the immense communistic and splendid façades of a French town, and work out the implications. If you really intend to see life you cannot afford to be blind to such thrilling phenomena.

Yet an inexperienced, unguided curiosity would be capable of walking through a French street and through an English street, and noting chiefly that whereas English lamp-posts spring from the kerb, French lamp-posts cling

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to the side of the house! Not that that detail is not worth noting. It is—in its place. French lamp-posts are part of what we call the “interesting character” of a French street. We say of a French street that it is “full of character.” As if an English street was not! Such is blindness—to be cured by travel and the exercise of the logical faculty, most properly termed common sense. If one is struck by the magnificence of the great towns of the Continent, one should ratiocinate, and conclude that a major characteristic of the great towns of England is their shabby and higgledy-piggledy slovenliness. It is so. But there are people who have lived fifty years in Manchester, Leeds, Hull and Hanley without noticing it. The English idiosyncrasy is in that awful external slovenliness too, causing it, and being caused by it. Every street is a mirror, an illustration, an exposition, an explanation, of the human beings who live in it. Nothing in it is to be neglected. Everything in it is valuable, if the perspective is maintained. Nevertheless, in the narrow individualistic novels of English literature—and in some of the best—you will find a domestic organism described as though it existed in a vacuum, or in the Sahara, or between Heaven and earth; as though it reacted on nothing and was reacted on by nothing; and as though it could be adequately rendered without reference to anything exterior to itself. How can such novels satisfy a reader who has acquired or wants to acquire the faculty of seeing life?

V

The net result of the interplay of instincts and influences which determine the existence of a community is shown in the general expression on the faces of the people. This is an index which cannot lie and cannot be gainsaid. It is fairly easy, and extremely interesting, to decipher. It is so open, shameless and universal, that not to look at it is impossible. Yet the majority of persons fail to see it. We hear of inquirers standing on London Bridge and counting the number of motor-buses, foot-passengers, lorries, and white horses that pass over the bridge in an hour. But we never hear of anybody counting the number of faces happy or unhappy, honest or rascally, shrewd or ingenuous, kind

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or cruel, that pass over the bridge. Perhaps the public may be surprised to hear that the general expression on the faces of Londoners of all ranks varies from the sad to the morose; and that their general mien is one of haste and gloomy preoccupation. Such a staring fact is paramount in sociological evidence. And the observer of it would be justified in summoning Heaven, the legislature, the county council, the churches, and the ruling classes, and saying to them: "Glance at these faces, and don't boast too much about what you have accomplished. The climate and the industrial system have so far triumphed over you all."

VI

When we come to the observing of the individual—to which all human observing does finally come if there is any right reason in it—the aforesaid general considerations ought to be ever present in the hinterland of the consciousness, aiding and influencing, perhaps vaguely, perhaps almost imperceptibly, the formation of judgments. If they do nothing else, they will at any rate accustom the observer to the highly important idea of the correlation of all phenomena. Especially in England a haphazard particularity is the chief vitiating element in the operations of the mind.

In estimating the individual we are apt not only to forget his environment, but—really strange!—to ignore much of the evidence visible in the individual himself. The inexperienced and ardent observer will, for example, be astonishingly blind to everything in an individual except his face. Telling himself that the face must be the reflection of the soul, and that every thought and emotion leaves inevitably its mark there, he will concentrate on the face, singling it out as a phenomenon apart and self-complete. Were he a god and infallible, he could no doubt learn the whole truth from the face. But he is bound to fall into errors, and by limiting the field of vision he minimises the opportunity for correction. The face is, after all, quite a small part of the individual's physical organism. An Englishman will look at a woman's face and say she is a beautiful woman or a plain woman. But a woman may have a plain face, and yet by her form be entitled to be

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called beautiful, and (perhaps) *vice versâ*. It is true that the face is the reflection of the soul. It is equally true that the carriage and gestures are the reflection of the soul. Had one eyes, the tying of a bootlace is the reflection of the soul. One piece of evidence can be used to correct every other piece of evidence. A refined face may be refuted by clumsy finger-ends; the eyes may contradict the voice; the gait may nullify the smile. None of the phenomena which every individual carelessly and brazenly displays in every motor-'bus terrorising the streets of London is meaningless or negligible.

Again, in observing we are generally guilty of that particularity which results from sluggishness of the imagination. We may see the phenomenon at the moment of looking at it, but we particularise in that moment, making no effort to conceive what the phenomenon is likely to be at other moments.

For example, a male human creature wakes up in the morning and rises with reluctance. Being a big man, and existing with his wife and children in a very confined space, he has to adapt himself to his environment as he goes through the various functions incident to preparing for his day's work. He is just like you or me. He wants his breakfast, he very much wants to know where his boots are, and he has the usually sinister preoccupations about health and finance. Whatever the force of his egoism, he must more or less harmonise his individuality with those of his wife and children. Having laid down the law, or accepted it, he sets forth to his daily duties, just a fraction of a minute late. He arrives at his office, resumes life with his colleagues sympathetic and antipathetic, and then leaves the office for an expedition extending over several hours. In the course of his expedition he encounters the corpse of a young dog run down by a motor-'bus. Now you also have encountered that corpse and are gazing at it; and what do you say to yourself when he comes along? You say: "Oh! Here's a policeman." For he happens to be a policeman. You stare at him, and you never see anything but a policeman—an indivisible phenomenon of blue cloth, steel buttons, flesh resembling a face, and a helmet; "a stalwart guardian of the law"; to you little more human than an algebraic symbol: in a word—a policeman.

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Only, that word actually conveys almost nothing to you of the reality which it stands for. You are satisfied with it as you are satisfied with the description of a disease. A friend tells you his eyesight is failing. You sympathise. "What is it?" you ask. "Glaucoma." "Ah! Glaucoma!" You don't know what glaucoma is. You are no wiser than you were before. But you are content. A name has contented you. Similarly the name of policeman contents you, seems to absolve you from further curiosity as to the phenomenon. You have looked at tens of thousands of policemen, and perhaps never seen the hundredth part of the reality of a single one. Your imagination has not truly worked on the phenomenon.

There may be some excuse for not seeing the reality of a policeman, because a uniform is always a thick veil. But you—I mean you, I, any of us—are oddly dim-sighted also in regard to the civil population. For instance, we get into the empty motor-'bus as it leaves the scene of the street accident, and examine the men and women who gradually fill it. Probably we vaunt ourselves as being interested in the spectacle of life. All the persons in the motor-'bus have come out of a past and are moving towards a future. But how often does our imagination put itself to the trouble of realising this? We may observe with some care, yet owing to a fundamental defect of attitude we are observing not the human individuals, but a peculiar race of beings who pass their whole lives in motor-'buses, who exist only in motor-'buses and only in the present! No human phenomenon is adequately seen until the imagination has placed it back into its past and forward into its future. And this is the final process of observation of the individual.

VII

Seeing life, as I have tried to show, does not begin with seeing the individual. Neither does it end with seeing the individual. Particular and unsystematised observation cannot go on for ever, aimless, formless. Just as individuals are singled out from systems, in the earlier process of observation, so in the later processes individuals will be formed into new groups, which formation will depend upon

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the personal bent of the observer. The predominant interests of the observer will ultimately direct his observing activities to their own advantage. If he is excited by the phenomena of organisation—as I happen to be—he will see individuals in new groups that are the result of organisation, and will insist on the variations from type due to that grouping. If he is convinced—as numbers of people appear to be—that society is just now in an extremely critical pass, and that if something mysterious is not forthwith done the structure of it will crumble to atoms—he will see mankind grouped under the different reforms which, according to him, the human dilemma demands. And so on! These tendencies, while they should not be resisted too much, since they give character to observation and redeem it from the frigidity of mechanics, should be resisted to a certain extent. For, whatever they may be, they favour the growth of sentimentality, the protean and indescribably subtle enemy of common sense.

Cow's Tail

By E. H. Young

DAY was leaving the valley : there was still a pale light in the sky, but under the shadow of the mountain walls the green of marshy flats and the purple of heather slopes had submitted to a common blackness, and in that blurred and soft expanse the road was a pallid streak, persuading the feet of men. Past the mountains and the talking streams, it drew all wandering spirits to the dim yet glowing places known to their own desires ; it was the path to home for happy men and, pacing it in the gloom, the lonely made of it a comrade, white and silent, but animated with the universal heart of the high road.

To George Fairbairn, who was so little of a wanderer that he found more penance than pleasure in the few jaunts he made to the small town seven miles away, who sought no happiness but that of the day's work and had never considered his own solitude, the road was no more than the link between his labour and his earnings. He knew nothing of the romance of the highway, and what imaginative love dwelt unconsciously in his being was for the land whence he wrested his livelihood, the hard and stony land which yielded its fruits reluctantly and won from him a fury of endeavour that was like a constant war. He was slowly clearing ground of which his dead father had despaired, and among the farms scattered on the hillsides his could boast the sleekest cows, fed by the miracle of his toil ; and while other men made their profits out of sheep, Fairbairn had the dairy custom of the inn that stood at the valley's head.

Walking thence through the soft autumn evening, swinging the empty butter-basket in his hand, he heard his name called, and a farmer's head was popped over the stone boundary wall.

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"Hi, George! My wife says that dwarf woman of yours has been and overlooked our white cow."

"Betsy! She can't overlook anything higher than a milking-stool." He put down the basket and rested his arms on the wall. "The rain'll keep off yet a bit," he said.

"Look here, George, our cow's sick, and your Betsy drove her home th' other day when she'd strayed on to your land. She's not bin herself since, and the wife says that woman's not like other folks."

Fairbairn's face and voice expressed his patience. "Let's see the cow," he said.

In the byre, where a stable lamp was giving a little light and making gigantic shadows, an anxious group gazed on the white cow, and as he pushed his way into the stall Fairbairn felt, mingling with the familiar odour of byre and beast, a puzzled antagonism towards him in the minds of his neighbours. He glanced quickly at the pale ovals of faces which seemed to be suspended like lamps in the dimness, then bent to the cow, clapped her on the back and, leaning easily against her, suggested remedies.

"Thanky, George," said the farmer, and prepared to carry out instructions; but the farmer's wife could hold her tongue no longer.

"Our best cow——" she began, and let forth her shrill reproaches.

Fairbairn rammed some tobacco into his pipe, lit it, put his hands into his pockets and, strolling to the doorway, listened patiently. The lamplight wavered, the shadows grew great and lessened, the cows pulled at their head-ropes.

"And the children are scared at her," she ended. "That shows."

"They call her bad names enough, and she lets them bide. She's quite harmless, missus—a bit touched some ways, maybe, but a good soul. The cow's got a bit of a cold. Betsy never hurt her."

"Well, you ought to know about the cow, George Fairbairn. There's none as good as yours in the valley, but you'll come to hate the day your father opened the door to let that woman in. What'd he do it for, anyway?"

"Eh, my father had a kind heart, and there was snow on

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the ground that night. He couldn't turn her off, and she's done well by us, has Betsy."

With a jerk of the head she made nothing of his statements. "Well, those queer-shaped folks ain't queer for nothing. If God didn't make 'em like that, how'd we know there's wickedness about? I'd never trust man or woman that wasn't born straight."

"Well, well." These theological problems, dense as the shadows in the byre, were impenetrable for him. He turned aside.

"I'll believe Betsy's crooked when she acts that way, missus. I'm sorry about the cow. Keep her warm. Good-night all."

They heard his nailed boots on the cobbled yard.

"Now, he's either too trusting to live," said the woman, "or he knows more than he'll let on. Well, time goes slow here, but it goes steady, and we'll live to see."

The sky had darkened and the stars looked out, but the moon was absent, and George's feet found their way with no help from his eyes. He strode between the massive mountain walls which stood solidly black against the filmier blackness of the sky. The smell of peat rose from the ground as his feet crushed it; then, as he crossed the road, he smelt the autumn dust, sweetened by the sharp air of night. Small familiar sounds went with him: he heard the suck of water in the marshy field he had tried to drain, the stir of small creatures in the grasses, the clang of his bootnails on the stonier upper ground, and, when he reached the farmyard, the movements of his sheltered stock.

His dog greeted him noiselessly, and followed him to the stone-flagged kitchen.

"Are ye there, Betsy?" he asked, blinking in the lamp-light. "Look here, if any cows come straying our way, you let them bide. I'll see to them."

"I don't want to be driving cows," she muttered, and from her seat on the fender she peered up at him.

Standing with his hands in the pockets of his corduroy trousers, and frowning a little, he looked down at her strange, squat form, at the uncouth features in a face where the eyes changed readily from candour to suspicion, at the great head overweighted by the plait of dun-coloured hair which she wore hanging like a child's, clipped across the

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forehead like a boy's. He found her ugly, queer perhaps, but not mysterious.

"Betsy," he said, "what have folks got against you? Did you ever hurt any of 'em?"

"Me? What would I hurt them for? Now don't you begin asking questions, Master George. You keep a still tongue, like I've taught you. Who's bin talking? Tell me who's bin talking!" She threw her grey knitting to the ground and beat her small red hands on her knees. "Don't you mind them! Bad folks! Fifteen years I've bin 'ere, earning me money and working meself to the bone, and not a good word from any of them, not a good word! They're jealous, all of 'em, that's what it is. There's none of 'em can make butter like me. They're jealous." She drew the plait to her knee and fondled it. "And it's more than the butter," she said, slyly. "There's only the Taggart girl has hair thicker than a clothes' line, and that's short. It's me hair they want."

"It's mighty thick," he said, and mused awhile. "A barber'd give you something for that lump."

"What?" She broke into the furious cries by which she had always tried to rule him. She rocked herself in her seat. Would he be quiet? Would he? Saying such things! She clutched her hair, and the purplish colour of her face was overlaid with red.

"All right, all right, I'm not going to cut it off you," he said soothingly, and was soon dozing in his chair.

Her grasp had tightened. She looked at him with something near to hatred for his thought. Her hair and her hoarded money were her two possessions, but it was her hair on which she spent her passion. It was her one glimpse of beauty, her one claim to supremacy; it was her present pleasure and her promise of future joy. She would not bind it about her head; she let it swing in all its massive length; she bore ridicule rather than hide an inch of it; and she came to love the taunt flung after her by the children of the valley.

"Cow's tail, cow's tail!" they would shout across the barren fields at the fall of night, and the sound, coming clearly through the gloom, found her triumphant.

"Cow's tail," she would mutter as she clattered across the yard; "ay, they've noticed it, with their bits of tails

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like a rat's!" And again, as she paused to throw the fowls their food, the voices, rarefied by night and distance, came to her.

"Cow's tail! Betsy with the cow's tail!"

She drew the plait over her shoulder, fingering it. She spoke to it.

"They've seen you. There's not such hair for a hundred miles around, not in all the world. He says so. Cow's tail—ay, but thicker, thicker."

Upstairs in her low-roofed bedroom she had a little cardboard box of ribbons, and when, once in two months, she walked into the town to make her scanty purchases, the plait was adorned with a brilliant bow. That one touch of coquetry went oddly with her rough and carelessly donned clothes, her coarse grey stockings, her heavy shoes; yet its brightness was a light by which to see the woman in this singular and misshapen frame.

People stared at her as she went down the road. They gave her good-day, for she must not be offended lest evil follow, but when she had passed they turned to smile. There was humour in the sight of Betsy Drew trimming herself with ribbons.

"She's like an old cart-horse going to a fair," said one.

"Whist, whist, she'll hear ye!"

Betsy did not hear. She knew they laughed at her, but far stronger than their opinion was her faith in what she loved, in that which gave her love. Tramping the flinty road, she was careless of the mountains opening to the sea: the cries of the creatures in the fields, the falling of water, the singing of the pines, were less to her than the sound of her own footsteps, those footsteps which led her nearer happiness. Her thoughts, tangled, vague, yet fiercely concentrated, lay with the hours to come; she smelt the pungency of leather and saw the shadows of a low-browed shop, the shadows of a face. She felt the greed of fingers in her hair, and then she saw another darkness, one odorous of night and peat and pine woods, and through it there walked beside her a tall, bowed figure, with hands that sometimes touched her.

Towards these things she went heavily, her head bobbing with her steps, one hand grasping an umbrella, the other hanging red and swollen at her side, and in the per-

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sistence of her going was something hungry and instinctive, like a dog following a trail.

One evening, in the March of the next year, George Fairbairn was sitting at the kitchen window doing his accounts by the last of the cold light. Things were going well with him. Visitors were becoming more frequent at the inn, and there was a demand for Betsy's butter in the town. It was clear that his herd must be increased, and his calculations were satisfactory. He could buy the cows. He must build another byre, too, hire more grazing land, and get a boy to help Betsy with the churning and carry produce to the customers, and in that last piece of ground which he had laboriously cleared he would grow swedes to feed his beasts in winter-time. His mind lingered over every inch of his small domain. He knew the contour of every hillock, the size and shape of every rock, and the soles of his feet were sensitive to each change in the nature of the soil. He loved his land: it was friend and wife and child to him, and to it he was the lover, serving it with a dumb ecstasy of toil and dragging forth its favours.

In this little white farmhouse walled by the hills, two people had found a kind of happiness: Betsy had her confused dreams of bliss, like forms seen through a mist, gigantic and inevitable; and George Fairbairn held in his hands the reward of his expended sweat.

He dropped the account-book to the window-sill and looked out. Before him he saw the land he had nurtured sloping to the marshes he had drained; beyond them the road, little farmsteads lifting themselves out of rock and heather, and the upward sweep of the opposing hills that blocked the sky and held him in a prison he had never wished to break. He was content, for he was satisfied in the prime need of man: his work was hard and endless and had its visible results.

The mountains darkened while he watched them, and the water in the ditches gleamed out so suddenly that he thought of the blades of knives. At the corner of the house a small night wind arose and cried whimperingly, with now and then a sobbing falter in its breath. There was no softness in the fading light: it might have been rayed from the eye of a stern, unflinching witness of the destinies of men.

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The sound of Betsy's nailed shoes came to him clearly from the dairy, and its sharpness had some relation to that clear light outside, but when she entered she brought tumult and confusion, pitifully human. Her brow was flushed, her breath came quickly, she laughed foolishly before she spoke.

"Master George——"

The light was on her face and her peering eyes. "What's happened, Betsy? And what's this for?" He lifted her plait of hair to gaze at the bright blue bow that fastened it.

"You leave my hair alone!" she cried fiercely, and slapped his hands from it. "Keep your great fingers off it. It's bad enough to wash already, without you messing it up."

"D'ye wash it?" he asked, thoughtfully. "Somehow, I didn't think ye would." He turned to the window again, leaving her fingering her hair, panting, angered, impotent, like a maiden outraged. She had sloughed her abnormality for a flash of time, and her ugliness was conquered by something universally feminine. But, like a breath blown on glass, this disappeared under the urging of her purpose.

"Master George, ye owe me a quarter's wages."

"Wait till quarter day, or a bit longer. I'm going to buy the cows, Betsy. I'll let ye have a few shillings if you need them."

She shook her head. "I want my money," she said, stubbornly.

"All right, then." He was always pacific. "Light the lamp while I fetch it."

She was kneeling on a chair close to the table when he came back. He paused in the doorway.

"Did you hear steps? What d'ye want the money for, Betsy? It's not one of them pedlar chaps at the door?"

"No, no, I've no dealings with 'em—lying thieves! Let me have the money, Master George."

"What's up with you to-night?" he said, carelessly, and counted out the coins.

Her hands were greedy under the lamplight. He saw the clutch of the coarse red fingers and, as she clattered from the room and laboured up the stairs, he stood with

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his hands in his pockets, his head thoughtfully aslant. He looked from the window, moved uneasily about the kitchen, and went to the outer door of the dairy, where presently he found Betsy at his elbow. The wind was moaning among the rocks of the mountains.

"There'll be a storm to-night," he said.

"It'll be cold up yonder?"

"Bitter," he answered, and turned indoors.

It was when they had supped together and she had cleared away and washed the dishes that Betsy stood before him, biting her lips with her strong, yellow teeth. She cleared her throat, and the sound startled him with its strangeness. Hitherto her dealings with him had been of the simple kind that needs no preface.

"Eh?" he said.

Her muttering, guttural and discordant, grew into words.

"I'm goin' away."

"What?"

"I'm goin' away."

"What d'you mean?"

"Now, this minute. I'm goin' to be married."

He stared at her, and in his plain amazement she saw herself once more insulted, but with the stubborn patience life had taught her she made no sign beyond the surging of the slow and angry red.

"I'm goin' to be married," she repeated, and jerked her head.

"Betsy——" But his remonstrances could not be uttered, and he ended feebly. "You can't be married at this time o' night."

"To-morrow," she said. "To-morrow."

"Who is it?"

"No, no." She peered slyly. "Years we've bin keepin' company. I've saved—waitin', waitin'. And it's 'ow 'e said it would be. One night 'e'd come for me."

"He's here, then?" He stood on the rag hearthrug, bending his brows at her in the manner of the master, he whom she had slapped at will and driven to bed before her threatening cries.

"If he's here, let's see him, Betsy."

Resentment, a sense of indignity, rose strongly in her.

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"You mind yer own business, Master George. Leave me alone." Her words became indistinct again. "'E's gone, anyway."

"Then how——"

She would not let him have the triumph of that doubt. "I'm going to meet 'im," she cried out, "and don't you spy on me that's old enough to—that's older'n you. I'm goin' to get me hat on."

Yet she was held by the strength of the gaze she was trying to interpret. There was a twist of pain on his face: he was hideously concerned with the thought of Betsy as a bride, but of that she could not be aware: only the vague knowledge of her differences troubled her into a fear of his disbelief.

"It's true," she muttered.

"Why didn't you tell me before, then?"

"I wasn't goin' to have you laughin'—other folks laughin'."

It was a kind of horror, not laughter, that assailed him, for now her familiarity seemed to fade that he might see how she appeared to other men. Who was the man who wanted her for a wife? He was afraid for her.

"Betsy, don't go," he pleaded.

She shook her head against persuasion.

"Wait till morning, then."

"'E said 'e'd come one night," she repeated.

"Where'll he be taking you?"

She stared at the fire and moved her lips, seeking an answer, and suddenly, as if in despair of finding one, she turned to rail at him. She uttered the old cries. Would he mind his own business? What call had he to interfere? Why shouldn't she do what she wanted? She was going that very minute. She shouted at him until the habit of fifteen years had its way with him.

"Well, well," he said, "I'm not your keeper, Betsy."

She was appeased. Quiet dropped on the kitchen, and while he looked frowningly at his muddied boots she felt the twisted strands of her hair.

"Well, I'll be goin'," she said at last.

The sound of her footsteps on the stairs, then thud-dingly overhead, and on the stairs again, beat into his brain the sense of her departure into the night, with a

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rising wind crying among the hills and rain to come with leaded drops. He met her in the passage.

"Is that all you've got?" He pointed to her bundle.

"Yes." She whispered, "Me money's there. Ten years——"

They stood silent in the darkness.

"I don't know what I'll do about the butter."

He thought he heard her catch her breath. "There's Sarah Livesey. She'll do for you."

They walked together to the dairy door, and she went from him without a word. He watched her sink into the blackness and emerge against a strip of gleaming sky. He saw a figure rise as if from earth and stand above her. For an instant he saw it bending like a sickle, and then it became a part of night.

He had not thought the house could be so desolate. He sat by his fire, listening to the wind and the rain, and later, in his troubled sleep, he heard the crying and the sobbing. The water streamed on his window-pane, it gurgled in the water-pipes and dripped from the eaves, and the air was full of voices; but early in the morning he waked to feel the peace of the abating storm.

"Good soft rain," he said, and turned on his side to sleep.

He rose to a new life overshadowed by that surprising sense of desolation which was soon to change into the blackness of a pall.

He went to Sarah Livesey and asked her aid.

"Where's Betsy, then?" she said.

"Gone to be married. Ay, it seems queer." He would not laugh. He was loyal to the absent, he had always been loyal to Betsy, but the news spread and he seemed to hear the valley chuckling. "Why didn't you marry her yerself, George?" was a favourite question, followed by the grim laughter of these quiet people of the hills. He had no jocular answer to make: he would lift his brows and give a twist to his lips—little actions that came to be remembered against him when rumour began to grow. The people of the valley gathered information here and there; and, forgetting that Betsy's butter-making had been one of Fairbairn's assets, they grew grave at her

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departure, and spoke to each other behind their hands. Betsy had gone, no one knew whither, and George Fairbairn had bought three fine new cows.

"Eh, well," folks said, and nodded, tightening their lips. They were in no hurry to make accusations, but they had their thoughts, and if the truth were not proved to their generation, it would be made known to their children or their grandchildren; for sooner or later, they said, the dead speak, and there was no need for man to rush to punish man when God ruled over all and knew no hurry. It was not for them to ferret out Fairbairn's sin: they followed the ways of the hills and waited. A few lives, a few generations more or less, occupied so short a span of time in comparison with the steadfast earth's duration and the eternal welling of the fountains that fed the streams. They looked on him as a sinner walking under the frown of the Most High and, slowly, the knowledge came to him of their suspicion. It blotted out the light of day. He stood, for a space, on earth that had no solidity, in the midst of life without sanity or meaning. Something cruel and remorseless seemed to have its claws in him, but he set his teeth and stood upright and forced his world to resume its ordered ways, refused to submit to the shrinking of his spirit.

He met with an open gaze the veiled glances of the men he knew; he was tolerant of Sarah Livesey, who would not sleep within his house, but could not resist the allurements of his money; and he kept his cheerfulness for the customers who silently bought his produce; but as time passed, and little children looked at him out of scared eyes, and men never handed him their tobacco-boxes, and women showed him thin lips and narrowed eyes, he knew again that sensation of revolving blackness. He lived with it, but the mountains and his fields stood steady. These were his friends: they had never failed him, and, looking up, he took the mountains for his inspiration, while, looking down, he saw the earth he loved, and poured on it all the thwarted kindliness of his nature. He worked with passion; he thrust his neighbours far away into an outer cold; he made his mind rigid, and the only thoughts it could not refuse were those of Betsy. Where was she? What had come to her? Digging in stony ground, he

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would sometimes pause with his foot on the spade and try to form a sequence to that night when she had slipped into the dark. It was a tortuous and torturing mystery to him, and his conclusion was only that of his neighbours. Time would tell the truth; but whereas they saw him crushed with punishment, he knew he would stand clear of blame.

"But I'd better have stopped her," he confessed, and stood a little longer, judging men's duties towards each other.

Two years went by, and still the slow valley people made no sign, and still he seemed to move in shadow. A curt, necessary word was passed sometimes, but then the lips moved stiffly and the eyes were glazed. He played the part they made for him. He was hard-faced and proud, but there were times when he laid himself on the earth and put his cheek against its soil, and he was storing up a power for devotion which, in happier times, he would have squandered carelessly here or there. He gave much of it to the earth until, one day, like sunshine scattering mist, there came a human being who smiled frankly at him, stretching a wide, firm mouth to do it, and looking him straight in the eyes. She was the new help at the inn, and she was mountain-born, with the soft skin and luminous eyes of those who have lived among the mists, but she came from another valley, separated from this one by miles of desolate hills; and to Fairbairn she was dowered with the splendours of an unknown world.

He fell in love with an exultant leap, but when he tried to tell her what she meant to him, the suspicions that lay on him clogged his tongue and hindered the current of his blood.

She helped him: wisely, with her gentle, humorous smile, and her head bent sideways, she said "I've heard about you."

The blood ran freely now and cloaked his face.

"An' I don't believe a word of it," she added softly, and her body made itself ready for his arms. But she did not feel them round her: instead, she saw tears starting to his eyes and making their slow way down his cheeks, and it was she who took him strongly to her breast, under the mountain which had seen the passage of all his days.

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"You're never telling me you're going to marry me? Oh, what'll folks think of you, Minnie—what'll folks think? I'll not let you do it. They'll never speak to you. You'll be like me, alone, alone."

"I'll be with you. It's not a bit of good, my dear. I made up my mind when I saw yer eyes change when you looked at me. I looked down into them and I saw the truth, and then I saw the way yer shirt was frayed. Bring it when you bring the butter to-morrow, an' I'll mend it. 'Twas the one with the red stripes."

He drank in knowledge of her, gave adoration out, and his hand clung to hers amidst the bracken.

"I'll make a flower garden for ye," he said suddenly; and with that attempted expression of his gratitude they gave themselves to their hour.

Fairbairn knew more of turnips than of flowers, but he sent for catalogues, and according to the descriptions and pictures therein he gave his orders, but it was out of his own wisdom that he bought rose-trees, because they bore the lover's flower. For these he set about preparing a bed where, at the south side of the house, a patch of ground lay barren. She should have flowers at every wall, a gay, sweet border, and the roses should have the southern sun. He had been happy when he planted potatoes and hoed among his roots, but he knew the very heart of joy when he dug for Minnie's garden. It was springtime again: through the keen wind the sun shone warmly on his back, and the mountain lifted its head, cloudless against a cloudless sky. The sharp note of a little bird came clearly as it flitted from rock to rock on the lower slopes, and his own domestic fowls were clucking in the happy certainty of food. It was strange how the voices of all living things had changed their tone: even the lowing of the cows, once so melancholy, was now thrilled with the consciousness of joyous life. The smoke from the kitchen chimney was a banner, and the marshes were jewelled by the water in the ditches.

He dug on. Soon Minnie would come across the fields and sit sewing beside him as he worked; they would not talk to each other, but, when he paused to straighten his back for a while, he would meet her glance and she would smile at him.

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He stood and looked at the coarse soil he had overturned. It offered little nourishment for the roses, and thoughtfully he wheeled his barrow behind the house and through the farmyard to where a strip of ground promised better sustenance. Slowly, happily, he began to fill the barrow with the earth, and his ears were stretched for the sound of Minnie's coming. She would miss him from the garden, she could not see him where he worked, but he would hear her call, and already he could fancy he heard her crying, "George, George!" and then her quick step on the cobbles of the yard.

His spade came dully against something soft and impenetrable, and when he had scraped away the soil he saw a heap of clotted rags, damp and discoloured. He laid his hands on it, and they came away, grasping a few shreds of mouldy cloth. He knelt to the work, but it was necessary to take the spade again, and as he wielded it he hit sharply against something that was not a stone, and it was not long before he had bared to view what earth and the things that lived therein had left of Betsy.

About the place where her neck had been a piece of something which once was ribbon had fallen loose, but the great plait had gone, shorn at the head's base where the thick ends were jagged.

The old, familiar, whirling darkness came back and took possession of him. He heard himself crying like one lost and terrified in the night, "Then I can't marry her, I can't marry her"; and when he came once more into knowledge of the sunshine and the wind, he was still saying, "I can't marry her; she'd never marry me."

His hand was over his eyes. He saw Betsy drop into the darkness and come forth again, he saw the tall figure bending over her like a sickle. He heard the lashing of the rain and the wild shrieking of the wind, and with these a new sound was mingled. He heard Betsy's call for help, the quickness of her gasping; he saw the dreadful rolling of her eyes, he felt with her the shock of a world gone mad.

He shuddered, dared to peep again at the bundle in the ground, and again he sheltered his sight; but now, through the singing in his ears, he heard Minnie's voice.

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She was lost to him, yet he ran to her stumblingly, afraid and like a child.

"I've found Betsy," he said, and seized her hand.

"Where? George, what d'you mean? What is it?"

He had led her to the place before he knew it, and when he would have drawn her back she was gazing at what he would have spared her. He heard her voice, calm and quick.

"Cover it up," she said; and when he did not obey, and she took the spade, he saw her hands were trembling.

He stammered. "Minnie, I was getting soil for your garden."

She smiled at him. "We'll plant a garden here," she said, and laid a hand on his.

"Minnie!" he cried, and raised the other hand to keep her off.

"Man," she said, sternly, "would you dig where you had laid her? I wouldn't believe yer own word against yerself; and if I did, d'ye think I'd leave you?"

Industrial Chemistry *

By Henri Fabre

EVERYTHING happens sooner or later. When, through the low windows overlooking the garden of my school, my eye glanced at the laboratory where the madder-vats were steaming; when, in the sanctuary itself, I was present, by way of a first and last chemistry-lesson, at the explosion of the retort of sulphuric acid that nearly disfigured every one of us, I was far indeed from suspecting the part which I was destined to play under that same vaulted roof. Had a prophet foretold that I should one day succeed the master, never would I have believed him. Time works these surprises for us.

Stones would have theirs too, if anything were able to astonish them. The Saint-Martial building was originally a church; it is a Protestant place of worship now. Men used to pray there in Latin; to-day they pray in French. In the intervening period it was for some years in the service of science, the noble orison that dispels the darkness. What has the future in store for it? Like many another in the ringing city, to use Rabelais' epithet,† will it become a home for the fuller's teazles, a storehouse for scrap-iron, a carrier's stable? Who knows? Stones have their destinies no less unexpected than ours.

When I took possession of it as a laboratory for the municipal course of lectures, the nave remained as it was at the time of my former short and disastrous visit. To the right, on the wall, a number of black stains struck the

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright U.S.A. All rights reserved.

† The allusion is to the many churches and chapels at Avignon and to *Pantagruel*, Book V., chap. i.: "Our pilot told us that it was the Ringing Island; and indeed we heard a kind of a confused and often repeated noise . . . not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized and little bells, rung all at once, as it is customary at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes and elsewhere on high holidays; and, the nearer we came to the land, the louder we heard that jangling."—*Translator's Note*.

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eye. It was as though a madman's hand, armed with the ink-pot, had smashed its fragile projectile at that spot. I recognised the stains at once. They were the marks of the corrosive which the retort had splashed at our heads. Since those days of long ago, no one had thought fit to hide them under a coat of whitewash. So much the better: they will serve me as excellent counsellors. Always before my eyes, at every lesson, they will speak to me incessantly of prudence.

For all its attractions, however, chemistry did not make me forget a long-cherished plan well suited to my tastes: that of teaching natural history at a university. Now, one day, at the grammar-school, I had a visit from a chief inspector which was not of an encouraging nature. My colleagues used to call him the Crocodile. Perhaps he had given them a rough time in the course of his inspections. For all his boorish ways, he was an excellent man at heart. I owe him a piece of advice which greatly influenced my future studies.

That day, he suddenly appeared, alone, in the school-room where I was taking a class in geometrical drawing. I must explain that, at this time, to eke out my ridiculous salary and, at all costs, to provide a living for myself and my large family, I was a mighty pluralist, both inside the college and out. At the college in particular, after two hours of physics, chemistry, or natural history, came, without respite, another two hours' lesson, in which I taught the boys how to make a projection in descriptive geometry, how to draw a geodetic plane, a curve of any kind whose law of generation is known to us. This was called graphics.

The sudden irruption of the dread personage causes me no great flurry. Twelve o'clock strikes, the pupils go out, and we are left alone. I know him to be a geometrician. The transcendental curve, perfectly drawn, may work upon his gentler mood. I happen to have in my portfolio the very thing to please him. Fortune serves me well in this special circumstance. Among my boys there is one who, though a regular dunce at everything else, is a first-rate hand with the square, the compass and the drawing-pen: a deft-fingered numskull, in short.

With the aid of a system of tangents of which I first showed him the rule and the method of construction, my

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artist has obtained the ordinary cycloid, followed by the interior and the exterior epicycloid, and, lastly, the same curves both lengthened and shortened. His drawings are admirable spider's webs, encircling the cunning curve in their net. The draughtsmanship is so accurate that it is easy to deduce from it beautiful theorems which would be very laborious to work out by the calculus.

I submit the geometrical masterpieces to my chief inspector, who is himself said to be smitten with geometry. I modestly describe the method of construction, I call his attention to the fine deductions which the drawing enables one to make. It is labour lost: he gives but a heedless glance at my sheets, and flings each on the table as I hand it to him.

"Alas!" said I to myself. "There is a storm brewing; the cycloid won't save you; it's your turn for a bite from the Crocodile!"

Not a bit of it. Behold the bugbear growing genial. He sits down on a bench, with one leg here, another there, invites me to take a seat by his side; and, in a moment, we are discussing graphics. Then, bluntly:

"Have you any money?" he asks.

Astounded at this strange question, I answer with a smile.

"Don't be afraid," he says. "Confide in me. I'm asking you in your own interest. Have you any capital?"

"I have no reason to be ashamed of my poverty, monsieur l'inspecteur général. I frankly admit I possess nothing; my means are limited to my modest salary."

A frown greets my reply; and I hear, spoken in an undertone, as though my confessor were talking to himself:

"That's sad, that's really very sad."

Astonished to find my penury treated as "sad," I ask for an explanation: I was not accustomed to this solicitude on the part of my superiors.

"Why, yes, it's a great pity," continues the man reputed so terrible. "I have read your articles in the *Annales des sciences naturelles*. You have an observant mind, a taste for research, a lively style and a ready pen. You would have made a capital university-professor."

"But that's just what I'm aiming at!"

"Give up the idea."

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"Haven't I the necessary attainment?"

"Yes, you have; but you have no capital."

The great obstacle stands revealed to me: woe to the poor in pocket! University-teaching demands a private income. Be as ordinary, as commonplace as you please, but, above all, possess the coin that lets you cut a dash. That is the main thing; the rest is a secondary condition.

And the worthy man tells me what poverty in a frock-coat means. Though less of a pauper than I, he has known the mortification of it; he describes it to me, excitedly, in all its bitterness. I listen to him with an aching heart; I see the refuge which was to shelter my future crumbling before my eyes.

"You have done me a great service, sir," I answer. "You put an end to my hesitation. For the moment, I give up my plan. I will first see if it is possible to gain the small fortune which I shall want if I am to teach in a decent manner."

Thereupon we exchanged a friendly grip of the hand and parted. I never saw him again. His fatherly arguments had soon convinced me: I was prepared to hear the blunt truth. A few months earlier, I had received my nomination as an assistant-lecturer in zoology at the University of Poitiers. They offered me a ridiculous salary. After paying the costs of moving, I should have had hardly three francs a day left; and on this income I had to keep my family, numbering seven in all. I hastened to decline the very great honour.

No, science ought not to practise those jests. If we humble persons are of use to her, she should at least enable us to live. If she can't do that, then let her leave us to break stones on the highway. Oh, yes, I was prepared for the truth when that honest fellow talked to me of frock-coated poverty! I am telling the story of a not very distant past. Since then things have improved considerably; but, when the pear was properly ripened, I was no longer of an age to pick it.

And what was I to do now, to overcome the difficulty mentioned by my inspector and confirmed by my personal experience? I would take up industrial chemistry. The municipal lectures at Saint-Martial placed a spacious and

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fairly well-equipped laboratory at my disposal. Why not make the most of it?

The chief manufacture of Avignon was madder. The farmer supplied the raw material to the factories, where it was turned into purer and more concentrated products. My predecessor had gone in for it and done well by it, so people said. I would follow in his footsteps and use the vats and furnaces, the expensive plant which I had inherited. So to work.

What should I set myself to produce? I proposed to extract the colouring-substance, alizarin, to separate it from the other matters found with it in the root, to obtain it in the pure state and in a form that allowed of the direct printing of the stuffs, a much quicker and more artistic method than the old dyeing process.

Nothing could be simpler than this problem once the solution was known; but how tremendously obscure while it had still to be solved! I dare not call to mind all the imagination and patience spent upon endless endeavours which nothing, not even the madness of them, discouraged. What mighty meditations in the sombre church, what glowing dreams, soon to be followed by sore disappointment, when experiment spoke the last word and upset the scaffolding of my schemes. Stubborn as the slave of old amassing a peculium for his enfranchisement, I used to reply to the check of yesterday by the fresh attempt of tomorrow, often as faulty as the others, sometimes the richer by an improvement, and I went on indefatigably, for I, too, cherished the indomitable ambition to set myself free.

Should I succeed? Perhaps so. I at last had a satisfactory answer. I obtained, in a cheap and practical fashion, the pure colouring-matter, concentrated in a small volume and excellent for both printing and dyeing. One of my friends took up my process on a large scale in his works; a few calico-factories adopted the produce and expressed themselves delighted with it. The future smiled at last; a pink rift opened in my grey sky. I should possess the modest fortune without which I must deny myself the pleasure of teaching in a university. Freed of the torturing anxiety about my daily bread, I should be able to live at ease among my insects.

In the midst of the joys of seeing these problems solved

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by chemistry, yet another ray of sunshine was reserved for me, adding its gladness to that of my success. Let us go back a couple of years. The chief-inspectors visited our grammar school. These personages travel in pairs: one attends to literature, the other to science. When the inspection was over and the books checked, the staff was summoned to the principal's drawing-room, to receive the parting admonitions of the two luminaries. The man of science began. I should be sadly put to it to remember what he said. It was cold, professional prose, made up of soulless words which the hearer forgot once the speaker's back was turned, words merely boring to both. I had heard enough of these chilly sermons in my time; one more of them could not hope to make an impression on me.

The inspector in literature spoke next. At the first words which he uttered, I said to myself:

"Oho! This is a very different business!"

The speech was alive and vigorous and imageful; indifferent to scholastic commonplaces, the idea soared, hovering gently in the serene heights of a kindly philosophy. This time I listened with pleasure; I even felt stirred. Here was no official homily: it was full of impassioned zeal, of words that carried you with them, uttered by an honest man accomplished in the art of speaking, an orator in the true sense of the word. In all my school experience, I had never been given such a treat.

When the meeting broke up, my heart beat faster than usual:

"What a pity," I thought, "that my side, the science side, cannot bring me into contact some day with that inspector! It seems to me that we should become great friends."

I inquired his name of my colleagues, who were always better informed than I. They told me it was Victor Duruy.

Well, one day, two years later, as I was looking after my Saint-Martial laboratory in the midst of the steam from my vats, with my hands the colour of boiled lobster-claws from constant dipping in the indelible red of my dyes, there walked in, unexpectedly, a person whose features straightway seemed familiar. I was right, it was the very man, the chief inspector whose speech had once stirred me. M. Duruy was now Minister of Public Instruction. He was

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styled "Your Excellency;" and this style, usually an empty formula, was well deserved in the present case, for our new minister excelled in his exalted functions. We all held him in high esteem. He was the workers' minister, the man for the humble toiler.

"I want to spend my last half-hour at Avignon with you," said my visitor, with a smile. "That will be a relief from the official bowing and scraping."

Overcome by the honour paid me, I apologised for my costume—I was in my shirt-sleeves—and especially for my lobster-claws, which I had tried for a moment to hide behind my back.

"You have nothing to apologise for. I came to see the worker. The working-man never looks better than in his overall, with the marks of his trade on him. Let us have a talk. What are you doing just now?"

I explained, in a few words, the object of my researches; I showed my product; I executed under the minister's eyes a little attempt at printing in madder-red. The success of the experiment and the simplicity of my apparatus, in which an evaporating-dish, maintained at boiling-point under a glass funnel, took the place of a steam-chamber, caused him some surprise.

"I will help you," he said. "What do you want for your laboratory?"

"Why, nothing, monsieur le ministre, nothing! With a little application, the plant I have is ample."

"What, nothing! You are unique there! The others overwhelm me with requests; their laboratories are never well enough supplied. And you, poor as you are, refuse my offers!"

"No, there is one thing which I will accept."

"What is that?"

"The signal honour of shaking you by the hand."

"There you are, my friend, with all my heart. But that's not enough. What else do you want?"

"The Paris Jardin des Plantes* is under your control. Should a crocodile die, let them keep the hide for me. I will stuff it with straw and hang it from the ceiling. Thus adorned, my workshop will rival the wizard's den."

* The Zoological and Botanical Gardens on the left bank of the Seine.
—Translator's Note.

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The minister cast his eyes round the nave and glanced up at the Gothic vault :

"Yes, it would look very well." And he gave a laugh at my sally. "I now know you as a chemist," he continued. "I knew you already as a naturalist and a writer. I have heard about your little animals. I am sorry that I shall have to leave without seeing them. They must wait for another occasion. My train will be starting presently. Walk with me to the station. We shall be alone; and we can chat a bit more on the way."

We strolled along, discussing entomology and madder. My shyness had disappeared. The self-sufficiency of a fool would have left me dumb; the fine frankness of a lofty mind put me at my ease. I told him of my experiments in natural history, of my plans for a professorship, of my fight with harsh fate, my hopes and fears. He encouraged me, spoke to me of a better future. We reached the station and walked up and down outside, talking away delightfully.

A poor old woman passed, all in rags, her back bent by age and years of work in the fields. She furtively put out her hand for alms. Duruy felt in his waistcoat, found a two-franc piece and placed it in the outstretched hand. I wanted to add a couple of sous as my contribution, but my pockets were empty, as usual. I went to the beggar-woman and whispered in her ear :

"Do you know who gave you that? It's the Emperor's minister."

The poor woman started and her astounded eyes wandered from the open-handed personage to the piece of silver and from the piece of silver to the open-handed personage. What a surprise! What a windfall!

"*Que lou bon Dieu ié done longo vido e santa, pecaïre!*" she said, in her cracked voice.

And, bowing and nodding, she withdrew, still staring at the coin in the palm of her hand.

"What did she say?" asked Duruy.

"She wished you long life and health."

"And *pecaïre*?"

"*Pecaïre* is a poem in itself : it sums up all the gentler passions."

And I myself mentally repeated the artless vow. The man who stops so kindly when a beggar puts out her hand

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has something better in his soul than the qualities that go to make a minister.

We entered the station, still alone, as promised, and I quite without misgivings. Had I but foreseen what was going to happen, how I should have hastened to take my leave! Little by little, a group formed in front of us. It was too late to fly; I had to screw up my courage. Came the general of division and his officers, came the prefect and his secretary, the mayor and his deputy, the school-inspector and the pick of the staff. The minister faced the ceremonial semicircle. I stood next to him. A crowd on one side, we two on the other. Followed the regulation spinal contortions, the empty obeisances which my dear Duruy had come to my laboratory to forget. When bowing to St. Roch,* in his corner niche, the worshipper at the same time salutes the saint's humble companion. I was something like St. Roch's dog in the presence of those honours which did not concern me. I stood and looked on, with my awful red hands concealed behind my back, under the broad brim of my felt hat.

After the official compliments had been exchanged, the conversation began to languish; and the minister seized my right hand and gently drew it from the mysterious recesses of my wide-awake.

"Why don't you show these gentlemen your hands?" he said. "Most people would be proud of them."

I vainly protested with a jerk of the elbow. I had to comply; and I displayed my lobster-claws.

"Workman's hands," said the prefect's secretary. "Regular workman's hands."

The general, almost scandalised at seeing me in such distinguished company, added:

"Hands of a dyer and cleaner."

"Yes, workman's hands," retorted the minister, "and I wish you many like them. Believe me, they will do much to help the chief industry of your city. Skilled as they are in chemical work, they are equally capable of wielding the pen, the pencil, the scalpel, and the lens. As you here seem unaware of it, I am delighted to inform you."

* St. Roch (1295-1327) is represented in his statues with the dog that saved his life by discovering him in the solitude where, after curing the plague-stricken Italians, he hid himself lest he should communicate the pestilence to others.—*Translator's Note.*

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This time I should have liked the ground to open and swallow me up. Fortunately, the bell rang for the train to start. I said good-bye to the minister and, hurriedly taking to flight, left him laughing at the trick which he had played me.

The incident was noised about, could not help being so, for the peristyle of a railway-station keeps no secrets. I then learnt to what annoyances the shadow of the great exposes us. I was looked upon as an influential person, having the favour of the gods at my disposal. Place-hunters and canvassers tormented me. One wanted a licence to sell tobacco and stamps, another a scholarship for his son, another an increase of his pension. I had only to ask and should obtain, said they.

O simple people, what an illusion was yours! You could not have hit upon a worse intermediary. I figuring as a postulant! I have many faults, I admit, but that is certainly not one of them. I got rid of the importunate people as best I could, though they were utterly unable to fathom my reserve. What would they have said had they known of the minister's offers with regard to my laboratory and of my jesting reply, in which I asked for a crocodile-skin to hang from my ceiling! They would have taken me for an idiot!

Six months elapsed; and I received a letter summoning me to call upon the minister at his office. I suspected a proposal to promote me to a more important grammar-school and begged that I might be left where I was, among my vats and my insects. A second letter arrived, more pressing than the first, and signed by the minister's own hand. This letter said:

"Come at once, or I shall send my gendarmes to fetch you."

There was no way out of it. Twenty-four hours later, I was in M. Duruy's room. He welcomed me with exquisite cordiality, gave me his hand and, taking up a number of the *Moniteur*:

"Read that," he said. "You refused my chemical apparatus; but you won't refuse this."

I looked at the line to which his finger pointed. I read my name in the list of the Legion of Honour. Quite stupid

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with surprise, I stammered the first words of thanks that entered my head.

"Come here," said he, "and let me give you the accolade. I will be your sponsor. You will like the ceremony all the better if it is held in private, between you and me: I know you!"

He pinned the red ribbon to my coat, kissed me on both cheeks, made me telegraph the great event to my family. What a morning, spent with that good man!

I well know the vanity of decorative ribbonry and tin-ware, especially when, as too often happens, intrigue degrades the honour conferred; but, coming as it did, that bit of ribbon is precious to me. It is a relic, not an object for show. I keep it religiously in a drawer.

There was a parcel of big books on the table, a collection of the reports on the progress of science drawn up for the International Exhibition of 1867, which had just closed.

"Those books are for you," continued the minister. "Take them with you. You can look through them at your leisure: they may interest you. There is something about your insects in them. You're to have this too: it will pay for your journey. The trip which I made you take must not be at your own expense. If there is anything over, spend it on your laboratory."

And he handed me a roll of twelve hundred francs. In vain I refused, remarking that my journey was not so burdensome as all that; besides, his embrace and his bit of ribbon were of inestimable value compared with my disbursements. He insisted:

"Take it," he said, "or I shall be very angry. There's something else: you must come to the Emperor's with me to-morrow, to the reception of the learned societies."

Seeing me greatly perplexed and as though demoralised by the prospect of an imperial interview:

"Don't try to escape me," he said, "or look out for the gendarmes of my letter! You saw the fellows in the bear-skin caps on your way up. Mind you don't fall into their hands. In any case, lest you should be tempted to run away, we will go to the Tuileries together, in my carriage."

Things happened as he wished. The next day, in the minister's company, I was ushered into a little drawing-room at the Tuileries by chamberlains in knee-breeches and

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silver-buckled shoes. They were queer people to look at. Their uniforms and their stiff gait gave them the appearance, in my eyes, of beetles who, by way of wing-cases, wore a great, gold-laced dress-coat, with a key in the small of the back. There were already a score of persons from all parts waiting in the room. These included geographical explorers, geologists, botanists, antiquaries, archæologists, collectors of prehistoric flints; in short, the usual representatives of provincial scientific life.

The Emperor entered, very simply dressed, with no parade about him beyond a wide, red, watered-silk ribbon across his chest. No sign of majesty, an ordinary man, round and plump, with a large moustache and a pair of half-closed, drowsy eyelids. He moved from one to the other, talking to each of us for a moment as the minister mentioned our names and the nature of our occupations. He showed a fair amount of information as he changed his subject from the ice-floes of Spitzbergen to the dunes of Gascony, from a Carlovingian charter to the flora of the Sahara, from the progress in beetroot-growing to Cæsar's trenches before Alesia. When my turn came, he questioned me upon the hypermetamorphosis of the *Meloidæ*,* my last essay in entomology. I answered as best I could, floundering a little in the proper mode of address, mixing up the everyday *monsieur* with *sire*, a word whose use was so entirely new to me. I passed through the dread straits; and others succeeded me. My five minutes' conversation with an imperial majesty was, they say, a most distinguished honour. I am quite ready to believe them, but I never had a desire to repeat it.

The reception came to an end, bows were exchanged and we were dismissed. A luncheon awaited us at the minister's house. I sat on his right, not a little embarrassed by the privilege; on his left was a physiologist of great renown. Like the others, I spoke of all manner of things, including even Avignon Bridge.† Duruy's son,

* A family of Beetles, including the Oil-beetle and the Spanish Fly.—*Translator's Note.*

† The old, partly-demolished bridge at Avignon, which figures in the well-known French catch:—

"Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond."

—*Translator's Note.*

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sitting opposite me, chaffed me pleasantly about the famous bridge on which everybody dances; he smiled at my impatience to get back to the thyme-scented hills and the grey olive-yards rich in grasshoppers.

"What!" said his father. "Won't you visit our museums, our collections? There are some very interesting things there."

"I know, monsieur le ministre, but I shall find better things, things more to my taste, in the incomparable museum of the fields."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"I propose to go back to-morrow."

I did go back; I had had enough of Paris: never had I felt such tortures of loneliness as in that immense whirl of humanity. To get away, to get away was my one idea.

Once home among my friends, I felt a mighty load off my mind and a great joy in my heart, where rang a peal of bells proclaiming the delights of my approaching emancipation. Little by little the factory that was to set me free rose skywards, full of promises. Yes, I should possess the modest income which would crown my ambition by allowing me to descant on animals and plants in a university chair.

"Well, no," said Fate, "you shall not acquire the freed-man's peculium; you shall remain a slave, dragging your chain behind you; your peal of bells rings false!"

Hardly was the factory in full swing, when a piece of news was bruited, at first a vague rumour, an echo of probabilities rather than certainties, and then a positive statement leaving no room for doubt. Chemistry had obtained the madder-dye by artificial means; thanks to a laboratory concoction, it was utterly overthrowing the agriculture and industries of my district. This result, while destroying my work and my hopes, did not surprise me unduly. I myself had toyed with the problem of artificial alizarin; and I knew enough about it to foresee that, in no very distant future, the work of the chemist's retort would take the place of the work of the fields.

It was finished; my hopes were shattered to the ground. What to do next? Let us change our lever and begin to roll Sisypheus' stone once more. Let us try to draw from the ink-pot what the madder-vat declines to yield.
Laboremus!

A National College of Music for Wales

By Granville Bantock

DURING the last few months the question of a National College of Music for Wales has come within the range of practical politics. Public opinion has been ripening in the matter for a considerable time, so that when I threw out a suggestion at the Wrexham Eisteddfod it fell into ground that was already prepared, and there is every reason to hope that the project may be brought to a successful issue. The support of several influential men was at once given, and the Denbighshire Society in London called a meeting of those who favoured the idea to discuss the best method of procedure. At this meeting it was, naturally, found that while there was unanimous agreement as to the desirability of the central proposal, there were some differences of opinion as to how the idea might best be carried out. It is with the hope of showing convincing reasons for a particular course of action, of thus uniting all in a common enterprise, and of making a practical suggestion as to the necessary funds, that I now address a larger public.

Wales has always been a musical nation, and has supported certain musical customs or institutions, such as the Eisteddfodau from time immemorial. In modern times, however, music has made such progress elsewhere that the Welsh—who have not sufficiently studied the intellectual side of the art—have fallen somewhat behind. There is plenty of first-rate material, but it needs working up. At present, beyond the ordinary private music lessons at home, there is no means of doing this nearer than Birmingham, or Manchester, or London. There is no Welsh centre where the best all-round training can be had to equip the student as a musician.

Now it is not desirable that young people should have

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to go so far, for two or three reasons. It means separating the boy or girl from home-life and sending him to a distance where, among strangers, he must lose home-influence at the most impressionable period: he is uprooted, and when he has gone through his distant training has to make his own way without special interest from anyone; the expense is considerable, even if he obtains a scholarship, since it is rare for scholarships to provide maintenance as well as tuition; and besides all this, there is the national sentiment. Why should not this musical Welsh nation have its own music school which shall help to keep alive its own national flavour in music, not by an unhealthy inbreeding, so to speak, not by studying Welsh music only (for the culture must be all-embracing), but by the intimate association of minds of similar calibre? Culture, as someone says, is the knowing and absorbing the highest and best thought of the world; and it is essential in the present day for a musician to know what is being done in England and Germany, France and Russia, &c., and to be abreast of the age.

But now, it may be said, there are the universities—Cardiff, Aberystwyth, and Bangor; do they not provide the highest training? To which it must be answered that, granted that this higher grade is provided by the universities, they do not quite meet the actual need. What is so urgently needed is—not university training which can only affect a small and comparatively leisured class—but a Music College where anyone and everyone can get a thorough all-round training to equip them for the rough-and-tumble of active professional life, and where the amateur can study his own department thoroughly, and thus prepare audiences. In England the function of the universities is quite different from that of the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, the Guildhall, Birmingham, and Manchester Schools of Music; and it is putting the cart before the horse to supply the more abstruse academical teaching before the simpler practical training. These institutions feed the universities. It is only comparatively few who can give the time and money necessary for the more learned course and the obtaining of a degree; and, in fact, it would hardly be desirable that they should; but it is highly desirable that everyone who

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undertakes art at all, and especially those who wish to do so professionally, should be thoroughly efficient in their own particular line, and have a good general knowledge of the art as a whole.

The best arrangement for Wales would probably be something analogous to that at Birmingham, where the Music School and the University are, though not yet actually affiliated, in close association. A university which had been attempting to carry through the whole training from first to last might be glad to be relieved of the ground-work, and to be able to concentrate on the higher studies; and that ordinary grade of training could then be thrown open to a wider public. The music school would naturally undertake the teaching of singing, pianoforte, violin, and other orchestral instruments, rudiments, ear-training, counterpoint, harmony, instrumentation, &c. These could be taught at quite reasonable fees to all comers, amateur and professional; save that at a college of this standing some provision should be made for thoroughness by requiring from all students rudiments and ear-training. Those who refused such a condition should be left to the private teacher. But there would also be, according to the present scheme, a number of scholarships which would enable those who showed special talent to obtain the necessary training, where at present this is impossible through their lack of funds. On leaving, students would still be on their native ground; their friends would still be able to help; and the music school itself, being the centre of an area considerable, but still not too vast as in London, would be able to help its fledgelings in many ways, as we have done at Birmingham. For the more exceptional cases there would be the University; and if a proper standard were maintained, the certificates of the School on the one hand, and the degrees of the University on the other, would carry equal weight with those of the English examining bodies, and the holders would be able to take their places in the ranks of the profession either in Wales or in the rest of the United Kingdom. One additional purpose such an organisation might perhaps serve. The managing committees of the various competition festivals may sometimes be glad of expert advice in drawing up their programmes: here would be an institution to whom application might be

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made sufficiently removed to be regarded as independent opinion, and yet sufficiently akin to avoid the feeling of consulting outsiders. It would be like a man's applying to a lawyer brother or cousin in case of difficulty.

One difficulty has loomed above the promoters of the scheme, a difficulty which, it is to be hoped, however, will quickly be cleared away. North Wales and South Wales have each their own smaller patriotism—an excellent thing so long as it does not militate against the general good of Wales as a whole. A man drowning while two others fight for the honour of saving him is a pitiable sight; and I believe there is too much good sense in Wales to admit of the possibility of such a result. In America and in Australia, when the various States could not agree as to which should have the honour of being the Federal Capital, a new city was created *in vacuo*, so to speak, for the purpose. That is not possible in this case. A music school depends upon population, accessibility, &c.; and if the thing is to be established at all it must be done where there are sufficient means of support. Two such colleges, one for North Wales and one for South Wales, would not be a solution of the difficulty. Neither would command the necessary status, and the area served would not be sufficient. Funds must be sufficient to provide the very best tuition and to attract first-class men to the staff, or the whole thing will be a failure. Putting aside all local bias, then, and looking at the matter from the statesman's point of view, where are we most likely to find the conditions necessary to make such an institution a success?

Wrexham is, no doubt, a large and important centre, and the Eisteddfod recently held there showed the existence of a fine body of genuine talent in the district. I am afraid, however, that there is not sufficient organisation existing, and that the population is not sufficiently large to make the probability of success very great. Of Aberystwith and Bangor much the same must be said. Their university organisations might, of course, prove helpful, but they do not seem to specialise much in music; and although they, too, have, of course, excellent local talent, their population also is insufficient, while—a more serious objection—they are somewhat isolated, and lie outside the "full tide of human life." At Cardiff a more promising

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state of things exists. The population is very large, and supports an orchestra, choral societies, and an established Festival, while opera companies and the world's greatest artists visit the place from time to time, thus affording students opportunities of a wider experience than could be had in any other Welsh town. The University, too, is already doing work of the kind that is needed, so that a comparatively small readjustment would be necessary. Professor Evans, speaking at a recent meeting held under the auspices of the Denbighshire Society, described their arrangements, and showed every disposition to discuss the best means of forwarding the objects of the meeting.

It seems, then, that we have here the necessary conditions, if an arrangement can be made with the University, Relations similar to those existing between the Birmingham University and the Midland Institute School of Music might be desirable. The University might be relieved of such work as the teaching of instruments, &c., as indicated above, they might recognise attendance at the harmony and counterpoint classes in the music school, for university purposes, and the university professor would thus be set free for specifically university work, such as the study of special periods, of special departments of musical literature, of the history and development of musical thought, of modern instrumentation, and of modern tendencies. The Music College could be affiliated to it, but, as stated above, would be open to all on condition of serious study.

But one important consideration remains. A National College of this kind ought, as we have seen, to be able to give help to those who, being poor in this world's goods, are yet rich in talent. How are the means to be provided for this, as well as for keeping the organisation as a whole going?—for, of course, an institution of this kind cannot be expected to be self-supporting. To this end I have a practical suggestion to make. Doubtless there are many wealthy men who will be pleased to give substantial help when the time comes. In addition to that, if the college takes and maintains its proper status, it could earn a substantial income by examinations. Its certificates would be accepted all over Wales, and in England, too, as equivalent to those of other examining bodies, provided it keeps its standard up to the same level. And, further, I would propose that a National

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Shilling Subscription should be announced. There are, I believe, over 2,000,000 inhabitants in Wales, and there must be at least half a million in other parts of the kingdom. Two and a half millions of shillings would be £125,000; but even £60,000 would provide a very solid basis for the organisation. And there seems little doubt that if "Musical Wales" can once be aroused to a united effort, there will be shillings forthcoming from every man, woman, and child in the Principality. I learn from excellent sources that the keenness of the people is such that all would take a pride in, and would wish to have a personal share in the establishment of the Welsh National College of Music.

A Court of Uncommon Pleas

By T. N. Shane

LITTLE DROVE is inhabited chiefly by Primitive Methodists of an archaic type, the rest of the community being obscurely designated as Christians, a term thought to have some reference to their perfunctory support of the rare services held in a Church of England Mission House by a non-resident priest. These exotic rites do not exercise any disturbing effect on the observances of the Methodists, who display much originality in devising devotional schemes calculated to support their claim to be considered an eminently peculiar people. In respect of this claim, they are as much assisted by individual enterprise as by the exhibition of united talents, and are indebted to their more notable brethren for the institution of some of their most characteristic ceremonies. They owe much, also, to those amongst them who, without any gifts of an inspired or intellectual order, are abundant in demonstrations of a more practical and, from some points of view, more acceptable nature.

Such a one was John Matthew Dean, carpenter, small-holder, parish councillor, and teacher in the Methodist Sunday School. This respected and respectable man was a bachelor of between forty and fifty years of age, in countenance rather more shrewd of aspect than a veritable Adonis would be, and no doubt rather hairier; for the rest, however, decidedly of good report. He was particularly possessed of the milder and more reasonable virtues. He liked his pipe and he liked his glass, and was thought to entertain no serious prejudices against a more generous appreciation of these pleasant refreshments on occasion. Against flagitious excess, however, he set his face with a dour and orthodox austerity. For his work as a carpenter and his produce as an agriculturist he demanded no more than his due, and by compounding one transaction with

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another was acute enough to get it. Episodes of his public life, recorded by a co-religionist, figured in the sprightly chronicles of the local Press. Witness the following excerpts:

"The site on which the camp service was held was kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Dean."

"Mr. Dean kindly undertook to supply hot water."

"The success of the entertainment was largely due to Mr. Dean, who kindly lent his shed for the festivities."

("Festivities," of course, is the conventional joke of pious Methodists at their own expense.)

The accepted ideas concerning John Dean derived so largely from the goodly spectacle of his manner of life, that there was at least as much astonishment as dismay when he drank himself phenomenally drunk one evening in the bar of the "Lamb and Flag." The sentiments induced in the devout by this perverse behaviour were intensified by the fact that it synchronised with the rehearsal of a special service in the village chapel. The most reliable witnesses of the dismal occurrence itself attributed something to the incitations of certain of the undoubtedly authentic progeny of Belial, who were naturally apt to assist in developments so extenuative of their own normal conduct. John Dean himself had no very clear idea as to the nature of his exploit, owing to the unwonted difficulties with which his understanding found itself involved. Even the next morning, when he sat down to breakfast with his housekeeping sister, he had recovered no more than a few faint and unpleasant impressions of the chief incidents connected with closing time, without being certain of how far he was personally concerned in them.

His sister's aspect was discomfiting. Miss Dean was about four years younger than her brother, but he had for a long time been expected to acquiesce in a sort of empirical seniority that time had endowed her with. She was a woman who never allowed herself to suspect the integrity of her own ideas, or others to condemn their authority; she maintained this presumptive ascendancy chiefly by means of expressive silences. One of the most relentless of these periods occupied her for a great part of the meal; its subtle influence harassed the carpenter beyond the limits of his

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endurance, and at last he said brusquely, "You're middling sarcastic this morning, Zilp."

"I was chris'ened Zilpha," said Miss Dean, who honestly believed in this apocryphal account of the ceremony referred to.

"Urgh!" said the carpenter, sourly, "I was chris'ened John Matthew, but I don't arst for it ivery time I'm spoke to."

Miss Dean made no articulate reply to this, but appeared to reserve a good deal of opinion somewhere about the corners of her mouth.

"Bacon's bitter," resumed the carpenter, after a short and gloomy silence. "All along, this's bin the orkardest pig I iver 'ad 'owt to do with."

He had a vague idea of introducing a less personal topic to the notice of his sister's enterprising critical faculty, but she had elevated herself to heights of austerity beyond the reach of conversational endeavours, and the rest of the meal passed in silence. When it was over, the carpenter rose, and, passing out of the house, crossed the lumberyard and entered his workshop.

"The way some on 'em go on," he muttered to himself, as he passed in review the work accomplished on the previous day. "Worse'n twitch, it is. . . . I'll niver 'ave no more pigs outer them Weston Marshes."

He took up a marked piece of deal, and was adjusting it in his vice when a presence loomed into the clearer light of the doorway, and a thick voice, pervaded by a curious thread of wheeziness, said laboriously, "Morn'g, Mist' Dean."

The carpenter looked up.

"Morn'g, Mist' Dobson," he said shortly, and bent again to his work.

Mr. Dobson lifted his feet over the high threshold with a sort of restive gasp, and placed himself by the side of a stack of heavy timbers just inside the door, to the post of which he adjusted his right shoulder with a correct though unconscious appreciation of statical hypotheses. He was a thick-set man, with his legs set rather wide apart, and a little too far in front, and a broad red face fringed with whiskers towards which his ultimate intentions were not sufficiently obvious. A consistent inability to discuss any topic with

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direct explicitness, and a dogged persistence in the pursuit of main issues, had recommended him to the Methodist elders as the likeliest legate in the conduct of all delicate or involved affairs. John Dean's conscience suggested to him a significant connection between these facts and the duly regretted events of the previous night, but his manner, as he tightened the screw of his vice and searched out a small plane, was not unwontedly dubious or apprehensive. He was conscious, however, of resenting his visitor's stolid silence, and of wanting to break it by committing a brutal assault, or breaking out into blasphemous expressions . . . but he could not find, on an examination of his instinctive notions, that he really thought Joseph Dobson to blame.

"Wind's stingy," said Mr. Dobson at last, following the movements of the carpenter's busy fingers with a characteristically lethargic intentness.

"Reckons to be this time o' the year," replied the other, briefly.

Mr. Dobson was inclined to suspect a "sarcastic" intention in this reply, and was some time in evolving a safe and ingenuous form of assent.

"Ar," he said at length, "cer'nly it do."

John Dean grunted, and settled down to his work, and for some minutes there was no sound louder than the crisp slither of the plane. Presently the carpenter paused to adjust the wood to a fresh surface, and Mr. Dobson, still intent on operations, said slowly :

"When can you come and see arter that gate o' mine?"

"What gate?" asked the other, brushing the litter of shavings from the bench.

"One agenst Boatmere," answered Mr. Dobson, eluding the carpenter's gaze with a vague cast of his eyes towards the remoter recesses of the workshop. "The crossbar's bruk orf."

The carpenter took up a small mallet, and tapped his plane with the nice discrimination of an expert.

"There's a hart in keeping a gate together," he remarked sententiously, holding the plane up before his face for the convenience of a critical inspection.

Mr. Dobson owned no considerable gifts of repartee, and a fairly obvious retort never occurred to him. He

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liked a well-defined dialectical position, and felt that he was not doing enough to secure this advantage.

"It's them boys," he said phlegmatically, "else it's them young 'orses. I reckon it's the boys, but Joorge reckons it's the young 'orses."

The tone of this utterance disclosed a consideration so absolutely impartial that the carpenter relinquished his hopes of starting an independent controversy.

"It 'ud be a rum 'un if Joorge didn't," he said at length, laying down the mallet and applying himself to the completion of his planing.

The visitor was not able to discern any relevance in this last remark, and in any case had no intention of pursuing themes of adventitious interest. He therefore devoted himself to looking up such of his intellectual faculties as might be useful in an approaching emergency, and by the time the carpenter had finished his planing and selected a favourite chisel, was ready with a speech which had enough of the casual in it to qualify it for its preliminary intent.

"I niver see you in chapel larse night," he said, turning a reluctant eye on the carpenter.

"No," answered that personage, sourly enough, "I wadn't theer."

This was not quite the sort of reply that Mr. Dobson had expected, and he cautiously set about establishing his position before proceeding further.

"Ar," he said, with a roving survey that ended in a glassy stare expressive of considerable mental discomfort. "The missus see you wadn't there, an' she said to me arterwards, 'I niver see John Dean at chapel to-night,' an' I said, 'Moor did I.'"

"As long as you both knowed! . . ." said John Dean, punching the chisel into the soft wood.

"Arter chapel," continued Mr. Dobson, beginning to lose confidence in the effectual coherence of his strategy, "we 'ad a meeting, some on us did."

"Urgh!" said the carpenter, levering out the loose chips of wood with a show of indifference to his visitor's proceedings.

"Arter chapel," reiterated Mr. Dobson. He paused to breathe heavily, and then added helplessly, "Some on us did."

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"You would," remarked the carpenter, who depended largely on his exploitation of this style of commentary for his reputation as the possessor of a caustic wit.

"We're orf to 'old another meetin' to-morrer night," concluded Mr. Dobson, fidgeting uneasily on his buttressed shoulder, "at my 'ouse at seven o'clock, an' we reckoned very like you'd come."

John Dean faced him suddenly, and for the first time during the interview a look of mutual and acquiescent comprehension passed between them.

"It's a thing as ought to be settled," said Mr. Dobson, with a not undignified earnestness.

The other looked down again quickly.

"I'll come," he said, sombrely. He turned to his bench again, and brushed the smooth wood across and across with a slow mechanical motion. Mr. Dobson regarded him with a renewal of sentiments that derived from normal sources, and owed something to the feeling of relief accompanying the conclusion of his appointed task.

"You'll see arter that gate, then?" he said presently, rather pleased with the apt irrelevance of the reminder.

"Ay," returned the other, briefly. "Git arter it in a day or two, I mek no doubt."

"Ar," assented Mr. Dobson, and shifting from his position with an involuntary grunt, he bore slowly away.

One effect of this mission was to strengthen the carpenter's resolution to conduct his defence with the idea of reinstating himself in the opinion of his public as far as might be possible. The distrustful aloofness of those of the congregation with whom he came into contact during the day was not auspicious of a happy issue, but John Dean was skilled in the ambiguities of Little Drove psychology, and was very well aware that the chief factors influencing the general demeanour were a native self-consciousness and an acquired distaste for any but strictly non-committal deportment. The finished human product of Little Drove can hardly be prevailed upon to admit his or her own identity in terms of precise thought; John Dean himself, had a stranger challenged him by that name, would have most probably fenced with the question, and ventured into any account of himself that did not involve a direct admission. For these reasons, and for others of a

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less academic nature, he came to the conclusion that the righteous indignation of the tribunal before which he had promised to appear was likely to be more of an approved formula than a token of genuine feeling, and might be appraised accordingly.

Meanwhile, he had enough to do in maintaining his dignity against Miss Dean's assaults. Apart from the silent aggression characteristic of her normal methods, Miss Dean was not without gifts of speech, which depended for their effectiveness, however, upon their application to special occasions. She was a considerable exponent of a theory that assumed a restless activity of the conscience to be inevitable as far as other people were concerned, and John Dean heard some astonishing accounts of the self-accusing notions he was supposed to entertain.

"Pity you ain't got a conscience of your own," he said, caustically, half-way through his sister's bolder speculations as to the state of his mind. "You wouldn't 'ave so much time to git arter other people then."

"If you read your Bible as you ought," returned Miss Dean, sharply, "you'd know better than to make game o' me."

"Urgh," said the carpenter, after puzzling over the reference hinted at in this last speech, and failing to locate it; "I lay I read my Bible as much as what you do."

"It don't do you much good, then," retorted Miss Dean, bitterly. "Else you wouldn't go on as you do."

The obstinate adherence of his sister to a form of retort bearing on her original indictment of him reduced the carpenter to a morose and meditative silence. He sat thinking until Miss Dean had made an end of washing up the tea-things, and then said sombrely:

"You orter preach a sermon in a deaf an' dumb institute."

"I might as well as talk t' you," rejoined Miss Dean, and she jerked herself and a tray of crockeryware out of the room.

Left alone, John Dean fell to thinking of his defence. He rehearsed some short addresses that appeared likely to suit the proceedings, and speculated on the reception that might be accorded to them on delivery. He wondered if, in the event of their taking a really serious view of the

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matter, he would be prohibited from taking his usual class at the Sunday School.

"Bit 'ard on the little old boys and gells," he ruminated, with sincerely altruistic intent. "Next Sunday we was going on to——"

Still pondering, he got up and took a small edition of the Bible from a chest of drawers standing by the side wall. Sitting down and laying the opened volume on his knees, he commenced to turn the leaves, smoothing them with his callous palm whenever a ruffling seemed likely to occur. As he turned he noted with an abnormally quick eye various passages quaintly apposite to his own condition.

"Niver did reckon so much to the Hold Testament," he muttered, hurrying impatiently past the more poignantly penitent portions of the Psalms. . . .

Presently he found the appointed chapter, and commenced to read.

Five notables were assembled in Mr. Dobson's best room to do justice to the case of John Matthew Dean, Mr. Dobson himself being one. Two of the others were farm labourers, whose status, obscurely defined according to alien notions, was well understood in Little Drove itself to be higher than that of ordinary hands. The chairman, who held his office in perpetuity, was a small farmer, and the fifth member was the village blacksmith, who was admitted into the higher conclaves of the sect in order to induce him to depart from a vain idea that he was intelligently heterodox in his views.

The room itself was not too conveniently adapted to the purpose with which the occasion connected it, much desirable space being taken up by china dogs, supposed by Mrs. Dobson to be representative of the more eclectic ideas in art. The oil-lamp standing on the round table about which the company sat dealt more mercifully with the hypothetical excellences of these æsthetic works than a more efficient illuminating agent might have done, though a melancholy example on a bracket of its own opposite the chairman showed to little enough advantage in the guise of a tobacco-jar.

("I niver use it, though," said Mr. Dobson, in a low

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voice, observing the chairman's depressed and mistrustful stare.

"Don't you, though!" answered the chairman, whose uncertainty as to the actual purpose for which it could be used obliged him to observe a due wariness in his speech.

"No," said Mr. Dobson, in the same suppressed and confidential tone. "Niver. I don't smook."

The chairman said, "Ar," and after a pause, "Ou'," and everybody else echoed these observations, in tribute to some virtuous but obscure quality which it was felt Mr. Dobson had proved himself to possess.)

Above Mr. Dobson's head appeared a striking misrepresentation of the Prodigal Son falling on his father's neck, and putting him out of every joint in the most distressing manner. On a small harmonium just inside the door stood framed photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Dobson (apparently having been just introduced to one another), Mr. Joseph Dobson, jun. (showing what can be done with a bowler hat), and Mrs. Dobson's brother and his family at the seaside, in rather an anxious state concerning the sincerity of the photographer's intentions. Amidst these and similarly choice indications of a graceful artistic fancy the company sat in a constrained silence, rendered still more oppressive by the abortive endeavours of the majority to suppress the respiratory processes. The chairman was suffering especially from an inability to reconcile his generous build to an armchair ingeniously contrived to present nothing but convex surfaces to the occupier.

"I niver arst anyone if they'd like to set in this chear?" he said at length, in a low and solicitous tone of voice.

Various incoherent murmurs rose from the company, purporting to disclaim the proffered politeness with equal civility.

"Chearman ought to 'ave the best chear," said the blacksmith, who was doing none too well himself on a rickety contrivance introduced from the kitchen.

There was a relapse into deadly and embarrassed silence, until Mr. Dobson observed, "S'think he'll coom all right."

"He'll coom," said the chairman, decisively. "It'd be a rum job if he didn't."

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"Nowt to do wi' rum jobs," said the blacksmith, in a low but hostile tone of voice. "Plenty rum enough job if he do come."

The others were some time digesting this.

"You don't see what Mist' Easom means, Joorge," put in the blacksmith's neighbour. "He spoke as chearman."

The blacksmith was not much enlightened, but preferred not to say so.

"Makes a difference," he answered shortly.

"That's 'im," said Mr. Dobson, rising slowly, as a knock sounded on the outer door. "I'll fetch 'im in."

He passed into the narrow passage, and was heard opening the street door and greeting the arrival with instructed reserve. The sound of the reply was lost in the sudden jar of the door, which got in front of a powerful draught, and took Mr. Dobson by surprise. Immediately after, the two men entered the room. The carpenter acknowledged the constrained salutations of his judges with a certain stolid endurance that almost covered his embarrassment, and accepted a chair with a muttered word of thanks. A short pause ensued, and then the chairman, observing the direction of the common regard, rose with a stately turbulence, and began to speak.

"I'm shore," he said, addressing himself with an impartiality born of long practice, "we're all very sorry to be 'ere to-night about the business that's brought us 'ere. The—er—business—what I'm speaking of is a—er—business what we're all very sorry for, and I'm shore nobody's sorrier than what—what I am."

He was going to say "than Mr. Dean," but felt that it would be rather too assuming at that early stage.

"I've bin now," he resumed, with less diffidence, "has you know, connected with hower little chapel and its friends for hover foorty years. . . ."

Here followed a classic legend of the speaker's chief religious experiences, compiled from his later and more lenient impressions of the courses his youth had taken. His audience, who were accustomed to this as a formality of forgotten but still living significance, never relaxed their attention, and were peculiarly alert towards the conclusion of the narrative.

"Befoor I say any moor," said the chairman, when he

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did not see his way to improving further on his more inspired theme, "I'm going to move that we arst Mr. Dean to give 'is own account of what's 'appened, becoorse I think myself, and I know we all think, it 'ud be better if we 'eard from 'is hown lips the stoory of 'is—er—is——"

The speaker halted, coughed, and concluded lamely, "——'is funny be'aviour."

There was a murmur of assent as he sat down. Everybody was desirous that the culprit should make out a good case for himself, though they were not averse to protracting and enhancing the solemnities of the trial as far as might be judicious.

The carpenter sat with his eyes fixed on his boots until the tumult had subsided, then he rose, and placing one hand in his pocket with an intention that the others were not able to divine, moved forward to bring himself close to the table.

"I hain't got much to say," he said, staring fixedly at the brass foot of the lamp, "an' no doubt you don't expect me to say a deal, as far as that goes. Theer's no gitting away from what come about o' Wed'sday night; it's niver 'appened to me afoor, and won't agen, so no more needn't be said about that."

He paused, without averting his fixed regard from the lamp, and then resumed:

"What you reckon to do I don't know: all I got to say about that. . . ."

He drew from his pocket half a dozen rough pieces of slag, and placing them quickly by the side of the lamp, continued:

". . . He that is without sin amongst you—chuck one o' them stoans at me."

He sat down again amidst a dumb, impassive consternation. The chairman was not able to apply recognised methods to an emergency so much exceeding all recorded experiences. He sat until the blacksmith gave signs of having come across an idea or two, then he rose, and attracted the general attention by a preliminary cough.

"At hower time o' life," he said, with a dubious frown on his heavy features, "to tork o' throwing stoans is softness. . . . We ain't little old boys now. . . . I don't see

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as Mr. Dean's done 'isself a deal o' good goin' on like this."

He stood pondering sombrely for a few seconds, and then sat down again.

"*Hi* do' wanter throw no stoans," said the blacksmith at length. "Don't suppose nobody does. On'y it soort o' sets a feller thinking, like."

The chairman looked at him, still pondering. Suddenly he said, "Somebody put it to the meetin'."

"*Hi'll* do that," said the blacksmith hastily, "if that's what you're arter. I move that we don't take no moor notice o' the matter, and that we arst Mr. Dean not to let it occur agen."

"You ain't got that right, Joorge," muttered his neighbour, whose unique function it was to provide his fellow-beings with misgivings. "You orter said the hother first."

"I second that there," said Mr. Dobson, with a nervous sludging movement of his feet, and a slight nod towards the blacksmith.

"S'pose that'll be carried, then," said the chairman, with a perfunctory glance round the circle. "I'm shore I congrat'late Mist' Dean, though it ain't what I should 'ave thought."

"It's very well as 'tis," said the blacksmith. "I don't like this here hauling and hawksing people up."

"Ur'h," said the chairman, doubtfully. He appeared to be considering something more discursive, when Mr. Dobson, whose cautious shrewdness was coupled with a certain delicacy of feeling, said abruptly, "Long as it's all settled so well, I'm going to propose a glarse o' bare round afore you all go."

The chairman discovered a faculty that he had previously supposed himself to be destitute of.

"I second that," he said, winking laboriously at the carpenter. "Carried unanimersly."

Literature a Fine Art

By R. A. Scott-James

THERE are many people of my acquaintance who think it almost indecent to talk of literature as a fine art. They have the same distaste for the word "art" as others have for the name of God. It has indeed been misused in certain æsthetic circles and discussed almost unctuously, so that it is often associated with long hair and cant, and seems nonsensical, if not disreputable, to plain and honest men. I remember an Oxford don, chiefly noted for his cricket and his knowledge of Homer, and in later life for his dyspepsia, abusing a distinguished Austrian critic who visited the University: "These foreigners are always talking about Art!" Foreigners and long-haired æsthetes were one and the same thing to my atrabilious instructor. The latter was an exact man. No wonder he detested a word which is used so vaguely and in so many contrary senses, which is sometimes applied to a poem or a novel as if its "art" were an ornamental thing *separate* from the poem or the novel, or as if it were a mere synonym for style or adherence to some technical formula.

Yet we cannot very well get on without the word, and we certainly cannot avoid its connotation. No man in his senses can deny that there is such a thing as the "art of literature," though it may seem absurd to talk about it. No one, however healthy in his tastes, would refuse to distinguish the statement, "This is a very good book"—which may mean only that it is instructive, or useful for certain purposes—from the statement, "This, anyhow, is literature"—which means something quite specific, namely, that this is a work of art. The very word would become less offensive if we could be a little less vague about it, if we could make up our minds what it is that it does mean or that we wish it to mean. We all of us distinguish between good and bad in literature, even if we regard our own

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judgments as fallible. We are all disposed to mistrust the opinions of our contemporaries, though we have a childlike faith in the verdict of posterity. Well, what is it that will satisfy posterity, and that ought, *a fortiori*, to satisfy us? What is it, in the domain of the delightful, as opposed to the merely knowable, which has value for the future, and therefore should have more value for the present? And what is it—an even more important question—which may have this kind of value for us, whether posterity choose to value it or not? That is the main point. We want to find what that quality is, in literature or any of the fine arts, which makes it a matter of so great consideration to us. What do we expect and demand from it, if it is to be something of real moment? That is one side of the question. And putting the question from the other side: What sort of process is implied in the writing of literature, and what is the sanction of the writer? It seems we are compelled to form some provisional theory of art before we can make the most modest pretensions to discuss literature. For such a theory is implied in every literary discussion, in every review of a book, in every expression of taste.

I begin, then, from the side of our actual requirements and I lay it down as a self-evident proposition that if we mean anything at all by creative literature, or literature regarded as a fine art, we must mean something which provides us with an addition to experience, an experience *sui generis*. We demand that it should be something which will occupy us and engage our faculties, something not to be approached carelessly and indolently, but with energy and alertness of the mind; not because it is abstruse or difficult, but because we are demanding something which will give full play to the spirit, which will come profoundly in contact with us when we are in fullest possession of ourselves, which will not merely stir us, but stir us to activity.

That I would take as an axiom. If we are going to regard fiction, for example, as a fine art, the artistic novel will be a book which we approach not for mere distraction, but for activity, mental and spiritual, for the opportunity it affords of putting forth energy, of giving full play to the vitality, of going through a vital experience. Just as the keen golfer delights in the skilful use of eye and limb,

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and is exhilarated by the difficulties and the physical exertion of the game, so the keen reader of a book enjoys the strenuous mental exercise it affords him. That is no work of art which the jaded intelligence can wholly grasp. Anyone who enjoys pictures, and does not care to look at them perfunctorily or in a "sight-seeing" spirit, knows well that he can only appreciate a picture when he allows eyes and imagination to concentrate upon it, so that he *perceives* as well as sees it, and derives a complex impression from it akin to that which the artist felt at the moment when he conceived it. And in the same way with every work of art worthy of the name, whether it be a picture, a statue, a poem, a play or a novel, it is part of its excellence to call forth *activity* in the mind which apprehends it.

But we must note that it not only calls forth activity, but *disinterested* activity—and by that I mean an activity of the kind which is especially called forth in the fine arts, and not that which science, or religion, or ethics might call forth without the aid of the arts. To preserve the analogy of golf—it may happen, and generally does happen, that the playing of golf makes the limbs more elastic and promotes general health. But to take an interest in golf is not the same thing as to take an interest in the health-producing results of golf. The true golfer is he who plays golf for its own sake and without any ulterior end, without thought of consequences, although consequences of some kind are inevitable. In the same way the activity called forth in all art, both in the artist at the time of creation, and in the man who is appreciating it, is disinterested; he is, in proportion as he is an artist or an appreciator of art, concerned at the moment in nothing but the subject-matter of the artist, and the treatment; in making or receiving a certain effect, without thought of the possible practical consequences which may follow through some inference drawn from the work or some psychological result attending upon it. I am not representing Beauty as something aloof from life, separable from the warp and woof of things social, moral, intellectual, religious, and physical. When I say that the activity of the artist is disinterested, I do not mean that he may not be concerned with any conceivable theme under the

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sun, but that his business is to provide us with an experience, and that any end he may have beyond making that experience vivid and complete is an alien end, destroying his singleness of purpose, disruptive of his art.

And here we must abandon the analogy of a game of skill, for whereas golf-balls have no interest except as things to be knocked about, the objects with which poet, dramatist or novelist deals are ideas, persons, associated things, having character and interest of their own. The experience he is to provide is primarily a spiritual experience, an affair of the mind and the emotions. And being, as it must clearly be, an experience *sui generis*, it is obviously not derived from a mere reproduction of life; for life cannot be reproduced excepting in life itself, whereas art claims no more than to be an imitation, or an envisagement, of nature, and its life is its own. What we demand of it is that it should put into its picture something that is and is not in nature—something, in other words, that is only there for those who choose to see it, but which the artist makes clearer, awakening the perceptions to that aspect of truth which he has in view. In a book called *The Ascending Effort*, Mr. George Bourne urged that the art of life consists in the realisation of "choice ideas"; meaning by "choice ideas" those which are refined out of the commonplace and the meagre; the ideas which are apprehended most actively, with all our mind and all our perceptions; the ideas which admit of relation to all other ideas, which come into some sort of harmony with such schemes of life as we may have made. If this is true of the art of life, *a fortiori* is it true of the fine arts from which the analogy is drawn. In other words, the artist's aim is not to reproduce the mere facts which make up the mass of our ordinary and undigested life, but to substitute for the dishevelled commonplace of life the "choiceness" of an ordered interpretation. Only in this way can art give us an experience *sui generis*; only by the refinement and re-energising of the treatment can it give us emotions vivid enough to compete in some measure with the vividness of nature.

Implicitly all great artists must have accepted this general view of their function, and many in one way or another have explicitly stated it. "As light to the eye,

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even such is beauty to the mind," said Coleridge, whose meaning was philosophically definite, but in no way at variance with Shakespeare's ever memorable

"Fine natures are not finely touched
Save to fine issues."

The "fine"; the "alight" or "luminous"; the "choice"—here are three ways of qualifying the objects which artists seek to present. Matthew Arnold was captivated by the simile of light, and having repeated Amiel's passionate cry for "more light," used "sweetness and light" as a refrain in all his criticism. Walter Pater, to whom the beauty of the human form, and therefore of sculpture, was especially appealing, loved to use such terms as "shapely," "comely," "blythe," "gracious," "engaging," to express the fine flavour* of a work of art. The quality may be manifested primarily through the intellect, as with Meredith; through the senses, as with Swinburne; through the perceptions, as with Turgenev, Flaubert and Joseph Conrad; or through intellect and perceptions acutely balanced, as with Mr. Henry James (who gives us "curiosity" as the keynote); but in any case it is that which we require an artist to bring with him—"fineness," "light," "choiceness," "comeliness," "graciousness"—when he visualises or focusses his object. Does not that untranslatable *λιπαρὸς αἶθρῃ* of Homer—the shining upper air—suggest not only the physical atmosphere breathed by the gods of Olympus and the great-hearted Odysseus, but also the poetic atmosphere of the *Odyssey* itself?

We have, then, added a third term to our generalisation about art. We now require, as it seems, that it should provide us with an energetic experience; that it should be disinterested in the sense that it cannot aim at any competing, alien end; and thirdly, that this experience should come from objects made beautiful in the sense of being shown in a certain light, or made alight—in a manner which demands further inquiry. And here indeed is the difficulty. For we must endeavour to examine the question from the artist's standpoint, and seek counsel from him.

It would be no less futile than presumptuous to lay

* The word "flavour" in this connection was constantly used by the late Canon Ainger.

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down exact formulæ as to what the artist ought and ought not to do. No modern critic is likely to waste his time in framing rules and canons, which can be so easily handled by the pedant and stand condemned by the first great man who defies them. Aristotle did it once and for all for the Greek drama, and when the perspective of life widened and new forms of literature grew up to compete with drama, his rules were destined either to shackle literature, or to be thrown ruthlessly overboard in the violent revulsion against Classicism. Shakespeare, fortunately, was guiltless of any exact knowledge of Aristotle, and the fact that Corneille and Racine, who had no French Shakespeare to precede them, were in bondage to that influential philosopher, had a lasting effect upon French literature which the mighty influence of Hugo was insufficient to destroy. But at least the example of these Classicist writers has proved that literature itself is not only profoundly affected, but made and unmade, by theories of literature. And Corneille and Racine bestowed, at any rate, this immeasurable benefit on their countrymen: they taught them the lesson of form and technique—a lesson which they have never forgotten, which is illustrated as much in fiction as in drama—in Merimée, Flaubert, Maupassant and Anatole France. Shakespeare, on the contrary, whose influence on English literature has been supreme since the beginning of the Romantic movement, provided no obvious model for the student of form. To the casual reader his very imagination seems to be lawlessness and extravagance carrying him tempestuously and recklessly into the *mêlée* of poetry. But every careful reader knows that Shakespeare was not so reckless as he seems; observe how rigidly he conformed to the conditions prescribed by the Elizabethan theatre and audience; it is to the credit of his technique that he complied with these exacting conditions without cramping the finer issues of poetry and drama. And in the broader sense of the term Shakespeare's form was precisely proportionate to his genius, though it is seen rather in the transcendence of his poetry and the management by which his persons are swept along on their own characters than in those more obvious elements of form—structure of plot, the subservience of dialogue and incident to the dramatic purpose, and all the minor probabilities and proprieties. But it is just the obvious elements which are

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most noticeable to those who study form in a superficial way; for those who imitate Shakespeare, or are influenced by him, his careless freedom and extravagance often bulk larger than the expression of genius which made trifles of these defects. A result is that throughout the nineteenth century Shakespeare has been for English authors not always an inspiration, but a national pretext for decrying technique.

And yet those who had the insight and the power to restore Shakespeare in all his fullness to English readers were wholly free from this ignorance—conspicuously Charles Lamb and S. T. Coleridge. Coleridge was indeed the first of Englishmen to think out anything like a complete and satisfactory theory of poetry and the fine arts. The supreme value of his theory comes from the fact that he was one of the few who had actually experienced those creative impulses which as a theorist he endeavoured to account for. He had had the inspiration of poetry; he had achieved it; and to that extent he had indisputable evidence before him.

"*Good Sense* is the *Body* of poetic genius," said Coleridge, "*Fancy* its *Drapery*, *Motion* its *Life*, and *Imagination* the *Soul* that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole." It is by that "synthetic and magical power" which he calls "imagination" that the poet "brings the whole soul of man into activity," and "diffuses a tone and spirit of unity." Coleridge's theory of the Fine Arts presupposes his metaphysic; and it asserts the primacy of the reason. "Of all we see, hear, feel and touch the substance is and must be in ourselves: and therefore there is no alternative in reason between the dreary (and, thank Heaven! almost impossible) belief that everything around us is but a phantom, or that the life which is in us is in them likewise. . . . The artist must imitate that which is within the thing, that which is active through form and figure, and discourses to us by symbols."

He defines the beautiful as "that in which the *many*, still seen as many, becomes one," and takes as an instance: "The frost on the windowpane has by accident crystallised into a striking resemblance of a tree or a seaweed. With what pleasure we trace the parts, and their relations to each

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other, and to the whole." "The beautiful arises from the perceived harmony of an object, whether sight or sound, with the inborn and constitutive rules of the judgment and imagination, and it is always intuitive." It is that which "calls on the soul" (καλόν quasi καλοῦν). He conceives it to be the nature of the human reason to discover the unifying idea which underlies all the variety of nature; and thus it is that when manifold objects of sense are reduced by the imagination to order and unity the soul is satisfied, and its experience is an experience of what is called the beautiful. It is with this discovering of order in the seemingly chaotic, in other words the discovering of beauty, that the creative artist is concerned. It is his business to inform matter with idea; and matter symbolically used becomes the expression of the artist's thought just as for the theologian the world of nature is an expression of the thought of God. "To make the external internal, the internal external, to make nature thought, and thought nature—this is the mystery of genius in the Fine Arts." And he goes on significantly: "Dare I add that the genius must act on the feeling, that body is but a striving to become mind—that it is mind in its essence?" And in all the *Biographia Literaria* there is perhaps no more striking suggestion than: "Remark the seeming identity of body and mind in infants, and thence the loveliness of the former."

It should be observed that Coleridge's philosophy presupposes "a bond between nature in the higher sense and the soul of a man," presupposes, that is, that the spirit of the artist "has the same ground with nature," whose unspoken language he must learn "in its main radicals." It is only by reason of this bond that external nature, the manifestation of *Natura naturans*, lends itself to the artist so that he too may manifest himself. To attain this end the artist will imitate nature, but not copy her. ("What idle rivalry!" he exclaims. Is not a copy of nature like a waxwork figure, which shocks because it lacks "the motion and the life which we expected"?) The artist imitates what he perceives to be essential in nature; he takes the images which life affords him and so disposes of them as to bring to light the unities which the spirit loves; he brings order out of disorder.

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For the purposes of the general critic of art, Coleridge has given us too much and too little. He gives us too much; for the acceptance of his theory in its completeness is only possible for those who can also accept his metaphysic (his artist stands in a special relationship to that *Natura naturans* which is a name for God). It is indeed clear to me that no complete conception of the operations of art can be formed without a complete metaphysical theory; but both are difficult to attain. Both lead to speculation, controversy, and a thousand opportunities of error. And any systematically complete theory of art, seeking as it must to account for infinity, must, like all metaphysical systems, fall short of the truth by precisely the difference between infinite thought and the thought of one man—by the difference between the Universe and You or Me. Those who are anxious to learn what can be learnt about the creative process, and to explain it to themselves, not in terms of abstract thought, but in terms of the humanly intelligible and appreciable, may be satisfied with a lower degree of truth, with something more certain though not fully explained. We may be content if we can hit upon some least common denominator free from the controversies of metaphysics.

If that is our object, Coleridge has given us too much. But he has also given us too little. So generalised is his treatment that we are led to the conclusion that his perfect artist (who cannot exist) ought to express nothing less than the whole of himself in one single comprehensive work of art, as the divine Creator is conceived to have produced one harmonious expression of himself in the Universe. What he does not sufficiently discuss is the imperfect artist—the only artist that has yet been given to the world. It is true that the great genius in letters, or any other kind of art, can never rest content until he has bodied forth in a multitude of works all of that complex which is his conception of life. But he works under the conditions of time and space. His conception of life has been modified before he has had time to vanquish time. In practice, at any given moment, he is at work upon a single aspect of life, upon one part only of his general conception, so that the most immediate task before him is not that of *unifying* nature, but of *separating*, of *selecting*; and only when he

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has thus separated and selected can he proceed to make a unity within that restricted sphere of nature—his particular subject. On this practical question, this problem, not of perfection, but of imperfection, Coleridge is characteristically silent.

But at least we must follow him in his view that the great artist is engaged in the attempt to body forth, through the symbols with which external nature provides him, his fundamental conceptions about life. Were this not so, art would not be concerned, as it claims to be, with what is most important in the world, or at least most important to the artist. "No man was ever yet a great poet," he insisted, "without being at the same time a profound philosopher." We may recall the dictum of Meredith: "If we do not speedily embrace philosophy in fiction, the Art is doomed to extinction." But there is a great difference between the two views. A work of art which is broad enough to embrace philosophy is not the same thing as a work of art which is embraced by philosophy, and is a complete product of the philosophical imagination. Meredith extolled the intellect, which works discursively; Coleridge extolled the reason, which apprehends intuitively. For Coleridge, the intellect was only the organ by which rational conceptions and intuitions are logically applied, and adapted to circumstance. From his point of view we might conclude that the genius of Meredith missed the greatest effects because, applying his intellect *discursively* to life, he so often refused to make it subservient to any central conception or intuition. However that may be, it is impossible to resist at least this conclusion, that the artist in whose work we feel a *background*, whose work suggests more than it directly is, being capable of arousing numberless feelings and associations in the mind, so that it stands veritably as a symbol of the whole of life, is the artist *par excellence*. Much of this effect may be produced by an *unconscious* activity which Coleridge recognised as a part of the activity of genius. Nevertheless, whether the activity is conscious or unconscious, it cannot do more than express what arises in, or passes through, the imagination of the artist; it is his complex conception of life and the significance of life, his definite individual outlook, which accounts for this background to a work of art, for

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this suggestiveness which makes it appealing and awakening for these associations which it has cunningly brought before us.

But I am far from holding that those central conceptions are metaphysical conceptions. This is where I should disagree with Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, who wrote some profoundly interesting chapters on this subject in a book on Thomas Hardy. Mr. Abercrombie laid it down that every great artist must have a metaphysic, and that in bringing his subject-matter under the form conceived by his imagination his metaphysic is throughout the work consistently represented (of course implicitly, not explicitly); and he suggested that we may apply a definite standard of criticism by asking: How far does a work of art correspond with the artist's philosophical view of life?—this being for him another way of saying: How far has the artist succeeded in imposing the desired form upon his material? With the latter mode of stating the question I should have no quarrel. But the former implies that the artist has devoted himself to metaphysical studies. Mr. Abercrombie may have meant only that every work of art presupposes a metaphysic; but so does everything in the world. The remark would scarcely have been worth making. So I suppose him to have meant that every great artist must have subdued his mind to a definite philosophical interpretation of the Universe, and that in his works he shows nature and human life as parts of the cosmic scheme definitely conceived by him. As it happened, the particular novelist whom he was considering, Mr. Thomas Hardy, exactly answers to this description. So does Sophocles, so does Milton—authors specially esteemed by Mr. Abercrombie. Homer, too, might perhaps be accounted for in this way; for he had, at any rate, a perfectly definite conception of the relation of men to the gods of Olympus and to the ghosts who trod the mead of Asphodel; and to the perfect spontaneity, the unhesitating certainty with which Homer bodies forth the conviction of pantheism is due much of the charm and infinite delight of the Epics. Perhaps with ingenuity one might discover a metaphysic for Shakespeare—and even if we could not discover it, none the less it may have been there. But how about Herrick, Robert Burns, or even Mr. Henry James? Are

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we to equip them with a metaphysic, or exclude them from the portals of art? Shall we not gain more by requiring from an artist something, definite indeed, but less exacting and elusive than a definite scheme of the Universe; something which would admit, for example, Calverley, which would take some heed of the simplest of songs, and account for Lewis Carrol in the same way that we can account for Sophocles or Milton?

There is surely something more essential to a man even than his codification of himself in the final terms of philosophy. It is that kernel of personality which inclines him in this direction or that. It is this kernel of personality which turns him in the first place to philosophy, if he be a philosopher, or which makes him detest abstract speculation, if he is another kind of man. It is prior to philosophy. It is a condition of its being. It determines, surely, even the character of a man's metaphysic, setting him, not to range like an aimless ghost of thought across the Universe, but to express himself accurately, to express himself, with the help of his intellect, consistently. Now the artist, or imaginative person, is not seeking to express himself, like the philosopher, in terms of logical notions; and he is under no obligation to express himself, to himself, logically before he proceeds to express himself imaginatively. All that is essential is that the kernel of his personality, that which determines philosophies as it determines every other achievement, should be directly, immediately expressed in the figurative language of his art. This is the central, the all-important thing, that final, *essential*, and therefore indefinable entity which has thrust itself upon us when we say of a man that he has an "interesting personality." The more powerful and energetic a man is, the more distinctive become his ways of looking at things, his ways of thinking, observing, appreciating; we discover a kind of centre of gravity in him, or a kernel which has been developed by active experience and reflection. This kernel of his character is to the rest of him, the accidental or inessential, what in the language of modern philosophy the "real will" of an individual is to the variety of his particular desires. The less he concentrates, the less is his real personality expressed; the weaker the will, the more evident the inessential and slovenly parts of his nature; the weaker

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the intelligence, the less adequate is his attempt to express himself.

The artist has not necessarily that "strong personality" which attempts to assert itself by influencing the action of others. His is the personality which wishes to express imaginatively. And by imagination I mean the making of images—I mean that stretching out of the *essential* personality towards nature, so that it may touch nature at as many points as possible, fashioning it into images, binding itself to nature, and nature to itself, ever seeking to expand in this contact or sympathy, so that as far as possible the whole essential personality may be expressed through as much as possible of nature.

We may then take it that the first essential to an artist is the imaginative impulse which makes him desire to express himself in terms of life. And the second is that energetic quality by which he endeavours to express what is central to his personality, that part of him which is his "real self." This is what is meant by "sincerity" in art. And a third surely is a sort of self-detachment, or sympathy, or knowledge, by means of which he is able to estimate the material in which he works. The two last-mentioned qualities, taken together, imply a sense of form, in accordance with which the idea is embodied in the finished work of art, and technique, the professional knowledge by the help of which this embodiment is accomplished.

The objection may be raised that the man who has an essentially distorted or meagre personality and succeeds exactly in expressing himself, is, according to my estimate, entitled to the same artistic credit as a man of the loftiest ideas. To that I reply that though the clue to his work is to be found, in the last resort, in his personality, it is not by his personality that he is to be judged; he is to be judged by his works; and in producing these works he expresses himself, not in terms of himself, but in terms of external objects, in terms of life known to all of us; and that if he perfectly expresses distorted or meagre views of life, the representation of life which he gives to us will itself be palpably distorted and meagre. We are all capable of detecting the falsity if the facts of life are distorted before our eyes, or represented in so dull or meagre a way that they afford us no vivid experience whatsoever.

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Indeed, we have already demanded, as a self-evident axiom, that the artist should afford us a vivid experience, and that which directly contradicts the truth of common sense can produce no experience except that of confusion or disgust. It belongs to the first rudiments of art—the mere grammar—that an artist's convictions as bodied forth in sense-given symbols should not palpably and shockingly contradict the conditions of the sensible world; his is the far more difficult and delicate task of expressing himself, not by violation, but by selection, emphasis, reconstruction. The penalty he must pay if he refuses these terms is that of being unintelligible.

We demand, then, common sense, and we further demand from him that his work should be "sincere," that is to say, that it should be consistent with his own clearest conceptions, his most urgent convictions, his most penetrating intuitions—in a word, consistent with that central thing which I have called the kernel of his personality. An artist is in this sense insincere whenever, for example, he inserts anything in his work which exists solely for the sake of convention—some of Shakespeare's clown scenes were often put in solely because an Elizabethan audience demanded them, and they were to that extent a truckling to convention, an insincerity. They do not express the real Shakespeare. It is only by fidelity to himself that the artist can inform life with that coherence and shape which alone can give us the impression of beauty, that shapeliness of matter drawn into the semblance of a living organism.

It may be a very simple unity, this microcosm of art, like a cell compounded from protoplasm, yet it will give us its corresponding pleasure, so long as it is made with the sincerity of the imagination. If it is merely the informing of life with the spirit of light laughter—as in Calverley—it affords its proper pleasure—it is the spectacle of life drawn up into that kind of imagination to which laughter belongs. Lewis Carrol's *Alice* is in the same sense a work of art. Is there not throughout those two most charming of children's books an entirely consistent spirit of *bonhomie* and exquisite rationality, rationality of an order high enough to produce those delightful expositions of the irrational and the absurd. That the author of *Alice in*

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Wonderland was a mathematician is exactly what we might have expected—though he was, what mathematicians rarely are, the artist-mathematician, who understood the world intuitively as well as logically, and thus manifested his spirit of laughter and logic through an inverted world of contradiction.

And so again, if we take a modern author of a very different type, such a one as Henry James, whose concern it is to state life, with a view to throwing into relief the finer shades, we shall observe that most of his work is characterised by a kind of *intensive* culture, as opposed to that *extensive* method which, through lack of form, was abused in Dickens, and through obedience to form was satisfactorily applied by the poet Swinburne at his best. We may safely say that when Swinburne was at his best, when he was "himself," his world was a world of rhythmical energy, of impetuous freedom and sensuous activity which, translated into poetry, was expressed through the symbols of love and sea-foam and battle; to be true to the genius which was central to himself, he required no pregnancy or subtle suggestiveness of phrase; he needed no more than rhyme, rhythm and onomatopœic words, and with these he gave all he had to give—the sense of energy remembered, the sensuous delight of physical activity, a world of divinely glorified sensation. Mature readers do not seek him often, for there are only a few moods which he can satisfy. A writer such as Mr. Henry James stands at the exactly opposite pole. It was the proper business of such a man as Swinburne merely to affirm sensation, and he could do it perfectly. It is the proper business of Mr. James, not to affirm sensation or any experience—he could not do it with sincerity—but to question sensation, to question emotion and sentiment; it is his proper business to examine experience with the amused, searching gaze of one who expects the unexpected. It is his business to make experience interesting, not, like Swinburne, by multiplication, but rather by division—by the method of the microscope, which reveals in a fly's wing some unsuspected fineness of pattern and variegated brilliance of colour. He himself is fond of the word "curiosity"; it defines something that is central to his personality; this, brought into activity by the "representational impulse" (which in his opinion is the one

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justification for the artist), takes form in the intricate and delicately woven patterns of human temperament which are the objects of his curiosity.

And now we begin to see why every critic, when considering an author's works, almost invariably, and instinctively, examines not only his finished works, but also whatever may be known about him as a man. I admit, as all would admit, that his works must stand or fall solely on their own account; but the critic finds that in seeking to discover the central interest and significance of an author's art, his task is facilitated if once he can find the clue to his temperament. This backstairs knowledge does the trick for him. The bond between the man and his art is so necessary and immediate that no objectiveness of method can conceal it. It was by realising this fact, and applying his exceptionally fine critical intuition to this task, that Professor Raleigh, considering the *essentials*, was able to draw so convincing a picture of the personality of Shakespeare.

I must not be supposed to mean that the artist begins with an abstract conception, and that he then proceeds to search for objects suitable to its concrete representation. There are, I know, brilliant novelists and painters who have proceeded in that manner; but the result, to my mind, seldom reveals that complete unity of object and idea which men require; for this method is so dependent upon the intellectual fitting of facts to idea that either the facts are forced and made unreal, or the idea is sacrificed. I am told that in the case of Mr. Joseph Conrad the process is reversed; he perceives, as by vision, some intense single situation—that picture, for instance, in *Lord Jim*, where the Captain looking over the side of his ship is tempted to desert his crew. Such a situation, a focal point in a story, is for the artist object and idea in one, simultaneously presented by the imagination; the union of matter and spirit is already there at the moment of creation; and in that way, I imagine, most of the finest pictures, poems, dramas and stories have been first conceived.

We have now reached conclusions which were approached from two distinct points of view. Starting from certain axioms or self-evident propositions, and looking at art from the outside, I suggested that it must provide us

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with an energetic experience which we value for its own sake without thought of consequences or alien interests, an experience which has a fineness or an illumining quality of its own. And examining the same question from the inside, from the side of the mental processes implied in the act of creation, I have tried to adapt the conclusions of Coleridge to a view which should not presuppose his metaphysic, and have asked what is implied in this fineness or illumining quality in a work of art, this which is called beautiful. And when we learnt that all creative art comes from the imagination of the artist projecting itself upon the material of life, I concluded that the two things essential to the creative imagination were knowledge and sincerity—knowledge of life itself, so that the artist can use an intelligible language, and speak in terms of things real to everyone—and sincerity, meaning conformity with that which is essential or central in the artist himself. Art is thus a representation of actual life in terms of the artist. It must be real, and it must be ideal. It is the act of genius to be able to give us in one and the same creation a representation of nature and an expression of the artist's personality. This is the new thing which genius constantly adds to the sum-total of human experience—it is the old stuff of life quickened and illuminated by the new incarnation. And thus the stuff of life itself is increased, and succeeding artists start with a wider range of material.

We shall not find any actual artist completely satisfying the demand. For the difficulties of form are endless, and sounds, colours, words are obstinate materials when they are to be made the vehicle of ideas; and even the artist in the full tide of the creative impulse must always find that he has expressed something less than his intention and has strayed into the pathless wastes of the inessential. But it is the business of the critic to give him credit for all that is attempted in the sincere spirit of the imagination, and at the same time, in sympathy with the actualities of nature; for on the union of these two depends the truth which is the beauty of art.

Islands of Oblivion

By Norman Douglas

No wonder the few painters who visit these volcanic islets of Ponza come away bewildered by the beauty of the cliff-scenery. *Improbable* is the only word that expresses the effect of those caverns opening upon the waves, in pillared stateliness, like some dimly lighted cathedral; those precipices of lava and tufa that glow in brightest hues of white, blood-red and green; of pearl-grey and black and yellow. The most singular thing is that these tints do not melt into one another by any gradations—they are as sharply defined as the countries in a coloured map. Improbable; dreamlike; too strange, maybe, to please the imagination of everyday artists and poets. I had almost forgotten to mention the chief feature of this phantasmagoria—the stainless ramparts of mauve and heliotrope, pure as a curtain of silk, that descend from fertile uplands down to the beach where the waves break softly and fishermen sit mending their nets for the coming night's work.

Mineralogists like Scrope and Doelter will tell you the names of all the fantastic rocks of the Ponza group. But can they explain how it comes about that stones which, held in the hand, look pretty much the same as all do, should glow, when *en masse*, with these fairy-like tints? Why do those veins of dull pitchstone put on a poisonous metallic shimmer of verdigris, while the headlands of brown trachyte blaze like incandescent rubies and amethyst? Is it something in their massing-together? Can it be the sea—the sun? They seem to change their very nature. There are basalt pinnacles starting out of the turquoise water, so luminous and ethereal in certain lights that one thinks to be able to see through them; there are firm-footed promontories diaphanous as a veil of gauze. The lightest breeze, one imagines, will waft them up to join the painted clouds sailing overhead. . . .

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A fine promenade is that to the new lighthouse, which is perched on a rocky pinnacle at the southern extremity. The path winds up at the back of the little town, and presently the circular harbour—an extinct volcano—with its background of hills, lies at our feet. Then the track diverges into two, and the steeper one climbs up to the summit of Monte Guardia, the highest point of Ponza, where they have a signal station and Marconi apparatus, whose officials exhale that air of mysterious importance in which these good gentlemen, all the world over, like to shroud themselves and their simple duties. But our road dives under those beetling crags and then scrambles, through tunnels and over razor-like edges of rock, to the artificial platform at the end of the promontory on which the lighthouse stands. How it ever got there remains a miracle. The road is as neat a piece of engineering as one may wish to see, and we were not surprised to hear that several lives were lost during the work.

The mineral of which this pinnacle is composed is trachyte. But, viewed from the sea and in the light of morning, the whole mountain is suffused with an intense roseate blush; it is like a monstrous crystal, a translucent gem.

These are the delights of Ponza.

And how enjoyable it was, after such a tiring walk, to plunge into the sea! For the water here is irresistibly tempting, and there are glittering stretches of sand. We generally chose the *Chiaia di Luna*—the Moon Bay: so called from its shape—because the waves at this beach broke with a somewhat fiercer melody. It lies on the western side of the island, opposite the main harbour, but only ten minutes' walk from it—so narrow is the land at this point; a good part of the way leads through a tunnel made by the old Romans, who burrowed like moles all over Ponza.

They had little else to do, poor fellows! They were exiles one and all of them, and burrowing and building on this lonely rock was their chief recreation.

A curse lies upon Ponza and its sister-islands. Whoever landed here was lost to the world.

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Islands of oblivion, of banishment. . . .

Hither were sent all who for one reason or another were distasteful to the powers that be, in ancient Rome:—Julia, the dissolute daughter of Augustus; Nero, son of Germanicus, together with his mother Agrippina, who perished of starvation on this rock and whose remains were afterwards brought back to the capital by Caligula amid pomp and circumstance.

The natives will have it that Pontius Pilate, too, was in exile here; that the islands, in fact, derive their name from him. Who but he can have built those sumptuous halls, the "Baths of Pilatus"—noble grottos, hewn into the cliff at the water's edge, with massive chambers at the back and a cunning arrangement for a fresh-water supply? Another of these unfortunates, a man of exquisite taste, constructed a breezy villa on the Faraglione islet not far from the port, of which the foundations are still visible.

These distinguished earlier exiles (for afterwards came a rabble of good-for-nothings) were allowed to bring twenty slaves with them and fifty thousand sesterces of money, and it is no doubt their intelligence and wealth which built the tunnels and aqueducts that are still traceable all over the island. There is the "Serpent's Grotto," for example—evidently an ancient reservoir. It consists of five immense underground chambers, each nearly a hundred feet long, and separated by thick columns: a veritable subterranean lake. Water was also carried to the town from the distant *Cala dell' Inferno* by means of pipes and passages, the remains of which can be easily detected along the eastern shore. The element still issues from the rock, in diminished volume; fishermen come there to slake their thirst, marvelling at the craftsmen of bygone ages who could conceive and carry out such projects.

I was pleased to observe on Ponza the relics of a great pre-Roman civilisation. This is one of the few archaeological discoveries on which I pride myself. Above the town, where the cemetery now stands, is a likely site for a citadel, and on examining it from the sea I noticed, sure enough, a few blocks of pre-historic structure of the so-called "cyclopean" type, underneath a corner of the cemetery wall. There is a portion in better preservation between the "Baths of Pilate" and the harbour, where

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a little path winds up from the sea. The blocks are joined without mortar, and some of them are over a metre in length. This megalithic wall may be taken to be contemporaneous with similar works of defence found in various parts of Italy, but I believe its existence on Ponza has not yet been recorded. Livy says that the Volscians inhabited this island till they were supplanted by the Romans, and a tradition preserved by Strabo and Virgil locates here the palace of the enchantress Circe, who transformed the companions of Ulysses into bristly swine. The Circe legend, by the way, still survives among the populace; in the course of ages the classic lady has become amalgamated with a mythological Queen of Saba, a mighty conjureess, who beguiled with her beauty and magic potions a certain great lord from a distant country.

The Cæsars came and went, but Ponza retained its sad notoriety.

After the Roman exiles followed a long procession of pale Christian martyrs who languished and died on these rocks. The first of these was Flavia Domitilla, niece of the Emperor Domitian, and now a saint. Hundreds came later.

But the most poignant memories of Ponza banishments date from Bourbon times. There are artificial caves here, hewn by the Romans into the profundity of the earth; political prisoners—those, that is, who were in any way obnoxious to the reigning despots—were lowered into them to perish of cold, starvation and disease. It is a fit commentary on the burning pages of Colletta to stumble through these gloomy caverns where the noblest of the land, the majority of them innocent of any criminal intent, crawled about, more like beasts than men, and rotted away. One of these so-called “Bagni Vecchi” is an old cistern like the “Serpent’s Grotto”; it is insufferably foul and damp in winter, and here they succumbed in scores. To this day they find mouldering skeletons loaded with heavy iron chains and ball-weights. The dead were envied of the living in these hideous dungeons.

Islands of exile they have remained to this day.

But we have quite changed the old system. Our modern evil-doers loaf about freely and live on the fat of the land. There are about three hundred *coatti* here; and they take

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such a fancy to these climatic stations that often on completing their sentence they get themselves condemned anew in order to return. Seldom they try to escape; life is far too comfortable, and the wine good and cheap. The hard-working man may well envy their lot, for they receive free lodging from the Government, a daily allowance of money and two new suits of clothes a year—they are not asked to do a stroke of work in return, but may lie in their beds all day long, if so inclined. The law-abiding citizen, meanwhile, pays for the upkeep of this horde of criminals, as well as for the army of carabinieri who are deputed to attend to their wants and accompany them on their frequent voyages over the blue Tyrrhenian and its islands. For they are always moving about, a paternal Government probably thinking that a change of air will effect a cure for homicidal outbursts and other "hereditary defects," as such things are called hereabouts. Every day we saw their evil figures lounging about the quay, or guzzling and playing cards in the wine-shops. I have studied this institution of *domicilio coatto* in Lipari and elsewhere. It is one of those things which would be incredible, were it not actually in existence: an academy of malefactors; or rather a school, a State-fostered school, for the promotion of criminality.

Another island of the true Ponza group is Palmarola, with rugged cliff-scenery. Among its marvels is a mighty crag of columnar *lithoidite*, upreared after the manner of the Giants' Causeway; and whoever sees it, as we did, throbbing in the crimson conflagration of sunset, will be able to understand those simple minds of other days who were pleased to detect, in such portentous natural features, the handiwork of gods or demons. The rocky wall near the landing-place is smeared with a lustrous enamel of obsidian; near at hand, in the white pumaceous hillside, you will notice square holes—windows of human habitations. This troglodytism is a popular mode of living hereabouts. There is an entire village of earth-dwellers on Ponza called *Le Forne* (the ovens), and walking among the hills there one is at first rather taken aback to stumble against a smoking chimney issuing from the grass-covered slope at one's feet. Such cave-houses are not only cheaper to build

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than those of masonry; they are cooler in summer and warmer in winter, and equally dry. We entered several, and found them decent abodes; the only drawback is the want of light in those that are not constructed into cliffs.

Palmarola, of course, has its exile-martyr, Pope Silverius, who was sent here by Justinian at Theodora's suggestion and starved to death, they say, in the decayed chapel which crowns a hill near the beach. The ex-Pope actually summoned a council in Ponza—in 539—the only one ever held on these islands.

By far the weirdest spot in all these islands is the *Furcina* of Palmarola—a chaos of forked peaks and crevices which intersects the islet at its narrowest point. Dolomieu, who visited Ponza in March, 1786—he also fell a victim to Bourbon atrocities—speaks of it as a navigable sea-channel dividing the island into two parts; geologists may be interested to learn that it is now a raised ridge composed of huge masses of mountain debris and tongue-shaped pinnacles. This *Furcina* has a gruesome fascination of its own; there are undeniable suggestions of Hell about the place. No wonder, therefore, the devil has chosen it for his own particular residence. How they found this out? Well, it was always suspected, of course; but the whole truth was not revealed till some years ago, when a man in Ponza happened to be possessed of several devils—no rare occurrence hereabouts. As usual, they got the priest to exorcise them, and hardly had he begun his incantations when the devils were seen issuing from the patient's feet. There were three of them, and on this occasion the holy man had the curiosity to inquire where they lived. Said the first one: "I am the devil of Monte Cristo"; and the second: "I am the devil of Mongibello (Etna)"; and the third: "I am the devil of the *Furcina*." That settled it. Since that time quite a number of persons have seen him of Palmarola. He is small and black and ugly, and amuses himself by throwing rocks about. . . .

Time flies fast at Ponza; to judge, at least, by the behaviour of the town clock. In the course of the five minutes during which we were held spell-bound by its movements, the fingers had progressed from about midday to seven in the evening. We were trying to calculate how long the instrument, going at this vertiginous pace, would

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take to scamper through the year, when a priest, observing our interest in the phenomenon, volunteered the information that this exhibition of breathless haste was purposely arranged, he thought, in order to give the honest burghers some idea of the meaning of "modern progress."

"Yes, gentlemen—modern progress: its methods and its results. There you have it!" And then he chuckled softly.

It may well be that the town boasts of other curiosities besides this clock and the convicts. But our remaining time was fully occupied with the vital question what to eat, and where. Life would assuredly be more endurable on Ponza if a hostelry could be found which, by any stretch of imagination, could be regarded as a place of public entertainment. In response to our inquiries we were led into a den whose odours would have nauseated a famished hyena: it was the *Grand Hotel*, meeting-place of the *élite* of the citizens and convicts. Yet the town is fairly well provisioned, and if future visitors will bring their own cooks and then take private apartments with a kitchen, they may survive indefinitely. There is a sufficiency of fresh meat and vegetables; the wine is excellent, and fish are cheap; a small kind were just then being sold at the rate of two pounds for a penny, while Ponza is celebrated for the Mediterranean lobster, supplying the greater part of Italy with these crustaceans, which are kept in large wooden boxes in the water of the harbour, and exported to Rome and Naples as occasion requires.

Hungering, therefore, for the fleshpots of Naples, we climbed once more on board the good ship *Lampo* ("Lightning"—of a very leisurely kind) and found ourselves in the familiar society of *coatti* seeking a change of air, accompanied by amiable carabinieri, who chatted pleasantly with their charges, lighted their cigarettes and performed other menial services for these ruffians, the majority of whom ought to have been hanged ten times over.

Soon we halt at the island of Ventotene, which, with San Stefano, constitutes an outlying group not properly belonging to Ponza. More convicts arrive—more good fellowship the carabinieri. Others leave the ship for their new temporary residence, after first kissing their late comrades good-bye and wishing them joy.

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Another island of oblivion and of horrors, this Ventotene. Here perished Octavia, the young wife of the Emperor Nero. Anxious to please his new favourite Poppaea, he invented an absurd pretext to get rid of the first, and a sombre bitterness lies in these words of Tacitus: "This young lady, in her twentieth year, thrown among centurions and common soldiers, and already bereft of life under the presage of impending woes, did not, however, as yet enjoy the repose of death." An attempt at poisoning failed; she was therefore tied fast with bonds, and her veins opened in every joint; and because the blood flowed too slowly, her death was accelerated by the vapour of a bath heated to its highest point; her head was then cut off and sent to Rome for the delectation of her rival.

Hard by Ventotene rises the fifth and last islet, San Stefano, steep and menacing, with a large circular building on its summit. This is the penitentiary where those who are too bad for the *domicilio coatto*—triple murderers, many of them—expiate their misdeeds in a fashion which a humane Government prefers to the infliction of the death-penalty. Their novitiate consists of solitary confinement within a cell three metres long, for periods varying from seven to ten years—a living death, in darkness and silence. Many grow witless and consumptive in this unbroken night, and no one asks after those who die frenzied or from battering their heads against the wall; no one knows their number save the doctor and the governor, whose lips are sealed.

The survivors are set to life-long hard labour.

And as if to put the crown on our impressions of these islands which we were now leaving—for ever, no doubt—one of this class was brought on board here: a pallid, sinister shape, securely chained. He tottered up the gangway in a dazed fashion; his complexion was of the colour of parchment. As we steamed away under the cliffs, I saw that his eyes were intently fixed upon a small bird sitting in a crevice by the sea-beach. Presently it took flight—a streak of blue fire against the brown crags—a kingfisher.

He watched it speeding across an arm of the water, and his glance rested long upon the spot where it finally vanished round a sunlit promontory, in careless freedom.

The Gentle Art of Faking Furniture

I

By Herbert Cescinsky

THERE are two stimuli necessary before the collecting of works of art can become a craze; the objects collected must be rare, or the source of supply extinguished, and they must be esteemed by a number of people. Pebbles on the seashore are innumerable; hence those people who collect them are dubbed lunatics and guarded as such. Prehistoric flints are rare, and, in the true sense of the term, are no longer made; therefore, the collector of Neolithic axes and arrow-heads is an antiquarian. A sudden rejuvenescence of an expired industry may render a collection worthless, unless a real or supposed difference in manufacture can be postulated and maintained.

Of the two conditions referred to above, the first has been present during the whole of our generation as far as antique furniture is concerned. That the other stimulus is equally as vital is shown by the defined fashions which exist in the antique world. It is the pioneers of collecting who have always created demands—usually after their own collections were filled—and have profited by their foresight in after years on the battlefields of Christie's, Robinson and Fisher's, Sotheby's, or other of the well-known auction rooms. The finest collections of English furniture were made when anything earlier than Early Victorian was either contemptuously referred to as rubbish, or known by the pantechnicon name of "Wardour Street style." It was only in the "'seventies" that some regard began to be paid to the furniture of our forefathers, and names and descriptions began to be allotted. Mahogany furniture, when dark in colour, and not inlaid, whether carved, fretted, or otherwise embellished, began to be known as "Chippendale."

The three editions of the "Gentleman and Cabinet

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Maker's Director" had the largest issue, and were consequently the best known. They were also the fattest of the eighteenth century design-books, which gave an additional reason for the ascription. Ince and Mayhew, Manwaring, Lock, Casement, Matthias Darly, and others, were merely names, known to few and appreciated by practically none. The fact that these designers merely gave engraved permanence to the patterns current in their day was utterly ignored. A parallel might be found if some hundred years hence the catalogues of Maple and Shoolbred were cited as evidence of the designing ability of these gentlemen, and subtle distinction of style between the two were sought for and discussed. Thomas Chippendale undoubtedly both made and designed furniture in his workshops in St. Martin's Lane, but he certainly never made all he designed or published—his "Director" tells us as much in the text—nor did he originate all he made—the furniture at Nostell Priory and Harewood House (Gawthorp) for example. Thomas Sheraton designed a good deal; he actually made nothing during the whole of his London career, yet actual "Sheraton" pieces are by no means rare.

One of the pitfalls of the collector of English furniture is the generally untrustworthy nature of so-called pedigrees. Mahogany was practically unknown in England before about 1725, but it is not unusual to find a piece of the later eighteenth century which has been a treasured possession of an old family since the days of the Merrie Monarch. What can one say to these stories, apparently so indisputable? To doubt, before departing, is to be offensive, but the temptation to be brutally candid is great, especially when one has travelled one hundred miles or more to see one of these "pedigree" pieces.

The last decade of the nineteenth century witnessed a rapidly growing demand for English furniture of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Fashions alternated from year to year. Now the demand was for oak; within a year it had veered to mahogany or satinwood. It has been said of engravings that two collectors are sufficient to establish a "vogue" in the art-dealing world. The same is also true of furniture. It is surprising how small the art world really is. Two or three

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wealthy collectors are sufficient to create a demand in a particular direction; as soon as they cease buying, the pressure is relieved. This applies not only to styles, but also to individual pieces. The craze for card playing has grown enormously since the introduction of Bridge, yet card tables are usually regarded by dealers as unsaleable pieces, and are frequently converted into side tables by removing the extra top.

The fashion for the collecting of furniture was a rational one at the commencement; it was merely a revolt from the expensive atrocities of the days of Jackson and Graham and Gillow. To ask why a taste for the mid-Victorian wooden buildings—one can hardly style them pieces of furniture—the “Domestic Gothic” of Eastlake, the “Early English” of Talbert, or the bastard “Mauresque” of Owen Jones could ever have arisen and persisted is analogous to inquiring why sheep will fall into a stream if the leader of the flock shows the way.

Furniture collecting was a fashion since the end of the “eighties”; it became a craze some ten or fifteen years later. During the former period it was possible for the man of limited means to secure some fine pieces with a little trouble and discrimination. Collecting has always an educational value, and very little schooling was necessary to detect the “fakes” of the Wardour Street days. Exception must be made of those who collected on the “follow-my-leader” plan. I have seen, fifteen or twenty years ago, pieces of furniture made without any regard being paid to the eighteenth century models, and to which no attempts were made to impart an appearance of age, but which afterwards sold as “antiques.” The days of the Tottenham Court Road “antique oak,” *i.e.*, furniture polished with the blacking brush, can be remembered by many.

To the student of English history, one puzzle must always remain when the size of the antique world of the present day is considered. The greater the demand, the larger appears to be the apparent supply. Collections are, as a rule, made by the wealthy, who do not lightly part with their possessions; therefore the dealers cannot be selling the same articles over and over again. We must bear in mind, also, that this furniture was made, or should

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have been, for only a minority of the population of England at the various periods; and it is difficult to imagine, at the present day, when London numbers nearly five millions of inhabitants, how small this population must have been at the era of the Great Fire, for example. At the close of the eighteenth century the population of Great Britain was not more than twelve and a half millions; it was barely six at the commencement. If we take an average of four to a family—a conservative estimate—we get a total of one and a half millions of families in 1700. Of these not five per cent. could be regarded as patrons of the industry of the furniture “joyner”; in spite of the lowness of wages, the cost of materials, glass in particular, were prohibitive. A simple calculation in arithmetic will show, therefore, how limited must have been the source of supply at this period, the product of which is so plentifully peddled at the present day.

Slang may be regarded as expression in its tersest form. Vulgarisms are, therefore, often valuable from sheer economy. The word “fake” is one of these port-manteaux words, and it is proposed to use it here for this reason. “Antiques” and “fakes,” as applied to furniture, admit of much classification, and, ultimately, merge the one into the other. At the top of the tree is the genuine piece, untouched by the restorer’s hand, with the “patina” of a century or two of polishing by friction, and the old tone which age, apparently, only can give. This class can be subdivided under two headings. The first includes such pieces which are valuable for their beauty of line, proportions, design, or mellow tone. Under the second we can place the “kitchen antique,” esteemed solely because of its age. Were it a pair of boots instead of a piece of furniture, it would have been relegated to the dust-heap long ago. Next in order to the genuine antique is the restored specimen, still of undoubted antiquity, but repaired or re-surfaced at a later date. It is a moot point how far this process of restoring can go without destroying the integrity of a piece, but in a general sense we may say that restoring is legitimate when the attempt is made to replace portions which have actually existed before, or to repair others which have been broken. Beyond this it is a matter of degree. A cabinet made to

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fit a genuine drawer or door-handle would hardly be regarded as a legitimate restoration. When an attempt is made to increase the value or rarity of a piece by the addition of parts which did not originally exist, such as the carving of mouldings or the cutting in of marquetry or inlay, we begin to leave the domain of the restorer and to enter that of the "faker." From this point to the actual making of an "antique" outright is again a question of degree.

Faking has its difficulties beyond the merely technical side; the greatest is that of "provenance." Stated scientifically, the quality of a fake must vary in the inverse ratio to the square of the status of the dealer. In the hands of a West End grandee, almost anything, in reason, will pass. The glamour of a name will cover many defects. The large and wealthy dealer has many ways of "playing for safety." If an influential or high-born collector is dissatisfied with his purchase, the dealer will be only too pleased to take the piece back and refund the full purchase price. If he wishes to come prominently into the limelight, he will even offer a handsome profit. He takes a receipt, of course, and what is then easier than to offer the article, at a small profit, to an American multimillionaire, as from the collection of Mr. or Lord So-and-so. Many a spurious antique has been hall-marked in this way. The small dealer is not so favoured. He has to answer awkward questions. Where did he get the article from? It is useless to talk vaguely of the cottage in the country; in these days of 40 h.p. cars the would-be purchaser will think nothing of a two-hundred mile journey of investigation. The planting of the forged antique in the country cottage has been played out. The countryside has been too ransacked, and it is suspicious when these antiques appear again and again, varying only in design, but with the same handwriting all over them, in the same simple labourer's homely cottage. It is so difficult to state the usual "been in our family for generations" in these circumstances, and the oft-repeated wire to "Send me another" has a nasty habit of leaking out in country districts where secrets are only regarded as such when shared by the whole village. Sudden affluence on the part of a farm-hand is suspicious, and furniture vans or bulky

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packages delivered by rail are noticeable things. The only salvation for the small dealer, therefore, is to become a big one, and the path—in the words of Fenimore Cooper—is beset with briars. As far as the faker himself, he is as the prophet crying in the wilderness, or the artist without renown. He must combine the talent of a Chippendale with the genius of an Æsop, with a flavour of Munchausen super-added. Failing the two latter, he will make for the large dealer at commercial rates until he draws his old-age pension.

There is much that is reprehensible in both parties to the transaction, but there is also something to be said for the defence. The law of supply and demand gives the faker a more favourable market than his brother craftsmen who make for the ordinary trade, and the dealer knows that if he demands less than about five hundred per cent., the collector will regard him as either fool or knave—generally both—and will transfer his patronage to a more “respectable” tradesman, who knows the values of what he sells.

It is annoying, however, for the small dealer who succeeds in selling a perfectly genuine piece to a rich collector to find it denounced as a fake by the aristocracy of the trade. Stated in general terms, what is sold by Mr. West End is, *ipso facto*, genuine, but the goods of Mr. Bethnal Green are necessarily forgeries, or Mr. Bethnal Green would be in the West End. The logic is simple and unanswerable. If the collector doubts, Mr. West End will point out that *he* would have given double the money for the piece, if genuine, to sell again, and that must be positive proof. The idea that the maw of Mr. Bethnal Green may not be as wide as that of Mr. West End, that he drinks beer instead of champagne, lives at Dalston instead of Park Lane, and entrusts the creasing of his trousers to his wife instead of a valet, does not figure in the calculation. If the collector chooses to buy from dealers of no repute, and without a guarantee—this is most important—he must take the risk. It must be remembered that the *élite* of the profession can actually make or mar the value of a piece by the credit which they give to it. An antique which has been “praised with faint damns” by the noted dealers is ostracised at the well-known auction

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rooms. They rely on the ignorance of the trade regarding the pieces which they sell—an unfailing quantity. One might almost state the degree of knowledge of antiques by a similar formula to that used before; that it varies inversely as the status of the dealer. The small man has to bother himself as to details, and appearances; he is beset with difficulties; a single error may cripple him financially. The lordly auction-room king—one who fights duels in thousands with his fellow-potentates—is not similarly circumstanced. If he makes blunders the glamour of his name and his position in the trade are sufficient to shield him. He is Cæsar's wife with the power of Cæsar himself.

There is one thing, however, which the monarchs of the trade do not like, and that is an action-at-law. Questions, however awkward, are mere details when they can be dismissed with a wave of the hand or a leaf from a fat cheque-book. It is so different when asked by a leading counsel, and before a judge who cannot be "squared." The leader has been briefed by the opposite side; it is not etiquette to try to "out-brief" him. Again, the law has the unfortunate habit of demanding disclosure of documents and books, and, generally, dealers get the best possible lock which money can buy for their cost books. The dealers, therefore—patriots in a diminutive way—will suffer large losses for the sake of the trade; "all for the cause," as the Social Democrat says. A wealthy collector recently succeeded in practically clearing his large country house of forgeries which he had been deluded into buying, which were taken back, and the full value refunded. He had, it is true, a weapon at his command possessed by few. *He had discovered the source of supply.*

In certain aspects, valour and impudence are closely related. One is often foolhardy in deed, the other in words. Again, who shall say that the dodging of the law is not as plucky an action as the rescuing of a person from drowning, for example. It is a pity that medals are not given for effrontery. So many of the aristocratic dealers would be decorated. And why not? It has been said that a peerage can be granted for successful adulteration, if carried on in a Napoleonic way. I remember, many years ago, a pair of fine Queen Anne or "Hogarth"

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chairs being sold at Christie's. They were a noble pair; the central splats of the hooped backs broad and veneered with beautiful walnut burrs, and the legs carved with bold lion masks, finishing in paw feet. A well-known dealer, recently retired, bought the pair at a fancy price. These two chairs were fecund; they have grown into three sets of a dozen each, to my knowledge, and of the thirty-six not one is genuine. In one set it is possible to insert a visiting card between the knees of the legs and the seat framings. The original plain legs have been cut off, and new ones fixed with large screws—Nettlefold's three-inch fourteens, to be exact—driven right through the original squares. The set should not have imposed on a one-year apprentice; they are an ornament of the collection of a millionaire. I should have awarded a silver medal in this instance.

Gold medallists would be rare, of course, but one deserving case is of comparatively recent date. A well-known nobleman sent a fine Georgian console table to a West End firm to be restored. The firm in question made a duplicate, sent him the copy and kept the original. The fraud was discovered, unfortunately, and the firm had to blush in the limelight, as the peer impounded both tables without payment, with a threat of legal proceedings thrown in. The matter was hushed up somehow.

The rage, some years ago, for oak-panelled rooms of the seventeenth century was a fruitful source of profit to the dealers, and some of the fakes were of quite a high order, worthy of notice in the illustrated papers—a distinction which some of them actually attained. From rooms to houses was only a step, and it is very difficult to say how far, if at all, any actual fraud was perpetrated. To cut and refit an old room to an apartment of totally different proportions or dimensions, with consequent mutilation here and additions there, with the "pickling" off of innumerable coats of paint and re-surfacing with varnish and wax, is a process so similar to that of the faker himself that it is difficult to know where adaptation ends and faking begins. The only legitimate way, of course, is to build a room especially to suit the old paneling, and this is seldom done. Once additions are countenanced it is difficult to stop. I know of an early

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Tudor room, made from a nucleus of six genuine linen-fold panels. It is now almost impossible to detect the genuine from the spurious, as old oak has been used throughout, and the whole has been re-surfaced.

It is amusing to turn over the pages of some of the books on the subject of antique furniture, which were written some ten or fifteen years ago, and to read the chapters on "fakes." It is surprising how easy it is, according to these authors, to detect a forgery. Worm-holes were made by firing shot into the article; what became of the pellets remains a mystery. Single chairs were improved by adding arms; surely an obvious proceeding. The amusing thing is that these authors were describing actual methods, but those current many years ago. In the same way as in the eighteenth century when the designs of the metropolis percolated very slowly throughout the country districts, so these antiquated "fakes" are still to be met with in remote villages. The collector usually imagines that a piece "discovered" in an out-of-the-way place must be genuine, and prides himself on his acumen in unearthing it. He overlooks obvious anachronisms and defects, ignorant of the fact that William Bumpkin may be too many for him after all. I saw, some four years ago, a collection of brand new lustre ware selling like hot cakes from a barn halfway up Mount Snowdon. The stuff looked so genuine, and the seller such a fool. *Que voulez-vous?*

On Whale Island—H.M.S. *Excellent*—there is a constant competition between guns and steel plates. As the latter get thicker and tougher, so the former are improved in calibre and the penetrating power of their projectiles. Makers of safes say that the same description of friendly rivalry exists between them and the "enterprising burglar." Given sufficient time, and the finest production of the safe-maker can be burgled. As with the maker of cannon or steel plates or with the housebreaker, so with the faker of antique furniture. A detection only inspires him to finer efforts, and in pitting his skill against the available knowledge of the subject, the odds are largely in his favour. An expert acquaintance of fakes can only be obtained by watching the actual process of manufacture, and this is limited in extent and maintained as a very

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closely-guarded secret. A clever faker never keeps his eggs in the one basket; a piece is rarely begun and finished in the same workshop. He uses old wood as a general rule, and leaves original surfaces untouched wherever possible. I am referring to the present-day artist, who, compared with the forger of twenty years ago, is as the up-to-date safe-breaker to Bill Sykes.

Oak furniture and panelling are usually chosen as the happy hunting ground of the faker. The game is profitable, and comparatively easy. Mahogany of the periods of Chippendale and Hepplewhite is the most difficult of all to fake. This is a domain for the later generation, some Columbus of the furniture-faking world. With oak furniture the supply of raw material is comparatively plentiful; old half-timber houses and barns furnish a good deal of wood, which, although full of mortice holes and cut nails, makes very good "Tudor" furniture or panellings. If the faker is lucky, he gets the wormholes thrown in; failing this, he makes them, with genuine worms if the allotted time will allow. Wormholes are difficult things to make, as the worms had a bad habit of not boring straight through the timber, but seeking for the soft spots. The faker, knowing this, is much too clever to be bowled out by the insertion of a wire or hairpin. He makes the real thing in a way which defies detection by any of the methods of the book-writer. The drawback of the old timber is that many of the rusted nails cannot be pulled out, and the circular saw has to cut right through wood and nails, with consequent damage to the saw and increase in the bill for mill-work. The wood, being cut, is planed up and finished with a "York-pitched" plane, where the iron, owing to the sharp angle and the hardness of the wood, "kicks" in a way that produces an almost identical result as the primitive adze of Elizabethan days. A peculiar degree of roughness of finish or bad workmanship is also necessary to produce the right result. A good workman in the fakers' workshop is one who can work badly—in the Tudor manner, as it were. What is required is a kind of Post-Impressionist or Futurist cabinetmaker, a furniture Van Gogh or Matisse. He must not be a Picasso, unless the work is to be of the Henry VII. period, or earlier.

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Old oak furniture and panelling have either a dark rich polished surface, varying from golden to a very dark brown, or a bleached appearance, with the "silver grain" nearly black and raised up beyond the surface. The Bromley-by-Bow room in the Victoria and Albert Museum—a genuine example, I hasten to add—affords a good illustration of this latter. The standing up of the silver figure is due to the fact that being much harder than the other part of the oak, it has withstood the erosion of the atmosphere much better, while the softer parts have been more or less eaten away. This is the action of centuries of exposure. The faker has to get this result in a few hours, and he does so with a revolving wire brush—something like the barbers use after they have finished discussing politics—generally driven by power. This wire brush attacks the wood according to its hardness, wearing away the softer parts first and leaving the tough mottled grain standing up beyond the surface. If the piece is to be dark, it is stained and then coated with varnish, the final applications being waxed and vigorously brushed. I knew of one room to which over twenty coats of varnish were given, each one being rubbed down with mud. This is not a commercial proceeding, however, and quicker methods have since been discovered.

Dark oak is also, more or less, out of fashion at present among the upper circles, the demand being for the Bromley-by-Bow shade and finish. Bleaching by acids, or chlorine, is somewhat crude, but effective in a way, but a better method is to give the piece several coats of lead paint and allow it to stand for a few weeks. When quite hard this is "pickled" off with paint remover, and the result is the beautiful faded colour so prized by the true collector. Some of the paint should be left in the interstices and quirks of mouldings; it looks so much more genuine. Without undue strain on the imagination one can picture the scene when customer and salesman meet. After a long dissertation on the merits of the piece, its rarity, the original discovery and subsequent history of the chase, in which rivals were out-generalled, the peroration usually finishes with a testimonial to the cleverness of the dealer himself; not stated, but suggested—adumbrated, to use Mr. Balfour's term.

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"The original possessors of the piece were such vandals that they smothered it with paint—dozens of coats—in fact, when we purchased it you could not see the detail of the carving at all; it was only after we pickled it that this beautiful detail was discovered. The paint was so old, and thick, that we could not get it all off. Look! You can see traces of it here and there, if you look very closely. Did we suspect the existence of this fine detail? Of course we did. We knew that this type of piece was nearly always carved. We knew what to look for, and where to find it. Of course, you are bound to get experience if you are continually buying and selling work of this character. Believe me! after you have formed a collection of Tudor oak you will know as much about it as we do. You can't help gaining knowledge with every piece you buy." Here endeth the first lesson. Buyer and seller are both gratified. The latter has the cash, the former the idol. One will bear examination, the other will not; but then, as Meredith pointed out, examination is a process fatal to idols.

(To be continued.)

Home Rule

By the late Justin McCarthy

Introductory Note by J. E. Redmond, M.P.

By the kindness of Mr. Hubert Davies I have the opportunity of giving to the public an article in support of Ireland's claim to self-government which was written by my friend, the late Mr. Justin McCarthy, some quarter of a century ago, and which by some accident was never published. It will, I think, interest the public to see how little the argument has changed, either in spirit or in substance, during that lapse of time. The historical case is prefaced with the same apology for assuming that Englishmen in general will be totally ignorant of Irish history which speakers on Home Rule have still to proffer. Yet who can say that the recital of elementary facts in that historical case is not necessary, even for the Englishman of 1913? A good many readers even of this REVIEW may, I fancy, learn something from what it sets out with the plain and simple directness of the historian of his own times. Again, Mr. McCarthy insists, as every Home Rule speaker insists to-day, upon the colonial analogy. The argument from Canada holds good. It is strengthened not only by the offer of Canadian Dreadnoughts, but by the parallel and not less remarkable case of appeasement in South Africa brought to pass by the gift of freedom. Again, there is the same allusion to Protestant fears, the same examination of what Mr. McCarthy so well calls "the imaginary Ulster" of Tory fiction. Changes there have been, but every one of these changes has strengthened the argument for Home Rule. It is not only in the Corporations, but in the County and District Councils and the whole organisation of local government that Ireland has made her preparation for the task which awaits her in College Green. As for the Irish party, what Mr. McCarthy

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wrote holds good; it remains separate from other parties, united, solid, proof against all vicissitudes of electoral change—proof, too, against every temptation which might have threatened its cohesion and discipline. It is pleasant to think that almost the only seat which was held by a Nationalist in 1886, and subsequently was lost, Derry City, for which Mr. McCarthy was then a member, has now been restored to its allegiance.

I think, too, we may claim that the spirit of moderation and good-will towards our opponents in Ireland which breathes in every line of this article is the spirit of Nationalist Ireland to-day.

Students of modern political history will note with interest Mr. McCarthy's reference to the election of Charles Stewart Parnell as Chairman of the Irish party. They will be attracted by the comparison which Mr. McCarthy, fresh from the events of 1885, drew between Lord Carnarvon and Lord Durham. But, after all, the essential interest lies in the fact that what Mr. McCarthy said in the name of Irish Nationalism in 1886 is precisely what my colleagues and I are saying in Parliament and out of it, in another century. The claim of Ireland is supported by arguments of justice and of policy from which the lapse of time has taken nothing, and to which the experience of intervening years has added confirmatory instances in every quarter of the British Empire.

J. E. REDMOND.

THE title which I have chosen for this pamphlet has at least the advantage of expressing with precision and sufficient fulness my own idea as to the nature of the task I am going to undertake. It is my wish to make clear to English readers what is the distinct national cause which the Irish Parliamentary party represent in the Imperial Parliament, and why Ireland should have a national cause to plead there. I intend to describe the methods her representatives have adopted in order to accomplish that success, which is now apparently, to quote Mr. Gladstone's memorable expression, "within measurable distance." I desire to describe both the forces of opposition to the Irish cause and the forces that are friendly to it.

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I have been in the struggle myself, and know the men. In that sense I have a story to tell. Nearly ten years ago I ventured to say to the House of Commons that before long the question of Home Rule would make and unmake Ministries, and when it came to that the cause of Home Rule would be virtually won. It has come to that already. The cause of Home Rule makes and unmakes Ministries; it will make and unmake Ministries until it is won.

In the meanwhile, it may interest English readers to follow the story of the Irish Movement as told by one who has marched in the ranks, who has shouldered a musket or trailed a pike in the cause of Home Rule. What is Home Rule? What is the demand that the Irish representatives, speaking in the name and with the authority of the Irish people, are presenting to the Imperial Parliament? Do we demand any new thing, anything unprecedented, exceptional, unreasonable in principle, or likely to be dangerous in its operation to the welfare of the Empire? No, we ask for nothing of the kind. Some newspapers write even still as if the proposal for a Home Rule system for Ireland was an audacious innovation; it would be simply a restoration. Some public men talk even still as if the union of the English and Irish Parliaments into one were at least as old as the Flood. But the Act of Union is, in the historical sense, a thing of the day before yesterday. The Act of Union came into force on the first day of the first year of the present century. Up to that time, and almost since the beginning of the connection of this country and Ireland, Ireland has always had her own Parliament sitting in Dublin to administer the affairs and see to the national interests of the country. Undoubtedly the Irish Parliament was, at various stages of its existence, very unlike in its conditions to what would be regarded here or in America as a national assembly. It was not representative in the modern or in the true sense; and it was wretchedly dependent on the Crown or on that Council which was the mere instrument of the Crown. Still, it was a Parliament, and asserted its authority when it could. So long ago as 1372 there was a conflict of authority between the English Parliament and the Irish. The English Parliament insisted that Ireland must raise a larger sum to meet the charges of Irish administration. The King summoned the Irish Parliament

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to England to debate the disputed question. The Irish Parliament replied by a declaration that they were in no wise bound to send a delegation to England; but that nevertheless, as it was the King's wish, they would do so, specially reserving their own rights, and, of course, among the rest that of granting or refusing the additional subsidy asked of them.

Poynings' Act, as it is called, the Act which was projected and carried in 1494 by Sir Edward Poynings, Deputy Governor of Ireland, reduced the Irish Parliament to a certain degree of dependency on the Crown and the Advisers of the Crown and the English Parliament. In other words, Sir Edward Poynings obtained the passing of legislation which decreed that an Irish Parliament should not be summoned until the principles of any measures intended to be submitted to such Irish Parliament had been submitted to the English Government and approved by them. Poynings' Act also extended to Ireland any legislation passed for England by the English Parliament. Undoubtedly Poynings' Act or Acts reduced the power of the Irish Parliament so much as to make it little better than a mere recording agency of the will of the English Sovereign. But it will have to be borne in mind that at that time the English Parliament was itself hardly better than a mere recording agency of the will of the Sovereign. The English Parliament sometimes chafed at the yoke, and so also did the Parliament of Ireland. In March, 1720, an Act was passed to settle a conflict of authority between the two Parliaments, a measure introduced by the English Government, the preamble of which declared that "attempts have lately been made to shake off the subjection of Ireland unto and dependence upon the Imperial Crown of this realm, which will be of dangerous consequence to Great Britain and Ireland." The meaning of this portentous preamble was that the Irish House of Lords persisted in assuming the right to act as the final court of appeal "to examine, correct, and amend the judgments and decrees of the Courts of Justice in the Kingdom of Ireland." The Bill declared that the Irish House of Lords had no such right, and that the right now entirely belonged to the House of Lords in England. The Act was passed, of course, in the English Parliament. But a

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great English Peer, the Duke of Leeds, recorded his protest against it, on the ground, among many others, that this "taking away of the jurisdiction of the Lords' House in Ireland may be a means to disquiet the Lords there, and disappoint the King's affairs." I dwell on these facts to show that for centuries there was a distinct Irish Parliament endowed with authority of some sort to manage the affairs of Ireland. Of course, it is a fact that during the greater part of its history it was simply a Parliament of English Protestants settled in Ireland and having no manner of sympathy with the vast majority of the Irish people. But it is also a fact that the sympathies of the Irish people, whenever they had an opportunity of showing them, were with the Irish Parliament, and were for upholding its authority against the English Parliament, simply because it was the Irish Parliament; because, at least, it was called the Irish Parliament; because it recognised in name, if only in name, the existence of an Ireland which was entitled to a National Parliament.

Of course, it did not represent the Irish people. But neither did the English Parliament at that time, or for a long time after, represent the English people. The English Parliament was, until very nearly our own time, absolutely dependent on the personal will and even the personal caprice of the Sovereign. Queen Victoria is positively the first really constitutional Sovereign who ever sat on the throne of Great Britain.

As the English Parliament kept advancing step by step in independence, the Irish Parliament kept advancing also; and I shall soon show that on at least one great question of civil liberty the Irish Parliament, with all its faults, was about a quarter of a century ahead of the Parliament at Westminster. At all events, I have said quite enough to impress on my readers' minds the fact that during many centuries Ireland had a distinct and separate Parliament of her own—a fact which some of them may not remember. For it may be asked, Why tell us all this? Is it not written down in history? Yes, it is written down in history, but we do not all of us read and remember everything that is written down in history, especially in the history of Ireland. Lest my English readers should think I am unreasonably disparaging their degree of familiarity

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with the facts of Irish history, let me tell them of what occurred during a debate some time ago on the Irish question in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone was making a speech, and in the course of it he referred to something done by the Irish Parliament before 1782—the year when Poynings' Act was repealed and the independence of the Irish Parliament was restored. A law official of the present Government, a man of eloquence and capacity, interrupted Gladstone with the words, "There was no Irish Parliament before 1782." Mr. Gladstone paused like one thunder-stricken. "Does the honourable and learned gentleman," he asked in amazement, "really mean to deny that there was an Irish Parliament before 1782?" "Certainly I do," was the confident and complacent answer. I believe the honourable and learned gentleman was speaking quite sincerely. I believe he honestly did not know that there ever was an Irish Parliament before the days of Grattan and the Volunteers. Why should he know? How should he know? Of course, he was not likely to read Irish history or Irish newspapers. His predecessor in the same office actually, under a Liberal Government, declared once in the House of Commons, with a look of lordly contempt, that he never read the Irish newspapers. Why then should the Solicitor-General under a Tory Government be expected to know that there was an Irish Parliament before 1782? Were not the only London newspapers which he was likely to read telling him and the world every day that the cry for an Irish Parliament was a cry for an audacious innovation to which Englishmen of to-day could never listen, and of which Englishmen in the happier yesterday had never heard? I was talking to an English lady, wife of an eminent London physician, and she told me, to my surprise, that she had become a complete convert to the cause of Home Rule. I was delighted to hear it. "Do you know why I have become converted?" she asked me. I said I did not know. "Because for the first time in my life I have read the history of Ireland," she told me. "I wish you would get your husband to read it also," I suggested. She laughed, and said, "Oh, I have tried to persuade him to, but he won't; he says it might convert him, and in his position it would not suit him to be a Home Ruler." For we all know that

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it is only too true that a man who makes his living out of the aristocratic classes here would find it much to his disadvantage to be a Home Ruler or a sympathiser with the Irish National Cause. As long as he can say he knows nothing about it, he is safe. Thus he can reconcile his conscience and his position. It may be taken as an axiom that the man who does not want to become a Home Ruler must not read Irish history.

This demand for Home Rule, then, is not a novelty. An Irish Parliament, whatever it might be, would not be an innovation. I suppose I may take it that these two facts at least are beyond dispute. I come then to another consideration. Is there anything unreasonable in asking for a system of Home Rule for Ireland? The Empire of Queen Victoria is for the most part an agglomeration of home-ruled communities. The Canadian Dominion and Provinces, the Australian and Australasian Colonies are governed by themselves. The South African Colonies have their representative systems and their Home Rule. These Colonies, it may be said, are too far away from England to be of any danger to her should a turbulent spirit ever arise. I should say that in the case of Canada at least, the distance from England greatly increases the danger, as was felt pretty keenly in political circles here during the progress of the dispute about the Alabama Claims. However, let that pass, and let us take the instance of communities that are not far away from England. Take the Channel Islands, almost within gunshot of the English shore. The Channel Islands are peopled by a French population; French is the official language of the legislatures, of the courts of law, of the Royal Court. Yet these French populations are allowed to manage their own affairs. We never hear anything about them in Westminster; we never hear anything about them for the good reason that they are allowed to manage their own affairs. Take the little Isle of Man, the holiday place of Manchester and Liverpool excursionists. The Isle of Man has not only a Home Rule system, but it has a system absolutely different in every way from anything known in England or the great English Colonies. The little island is allowed to manage its affairs after its own fashion, in accordance with its own traditions. We never hear any-

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thing about the Isle of Man in the Imperial Parliament. If, then, there are so many Home Rule communities already under the English Crown, what reason is there on the face of things why one other Home Rule community should not be added to the number? In every one of these Home Rule communities, Home Rule has either created for the first time, or kept up, prosperity, peace, and content. There is not one single example of Home Rule of a genuine kind working the other way. But the claim of Ireland is much stronger than the claim for Canada. For instance, when Home Rule was demanded for Canada it was undoubtedly an innovation and an experiment. It might have been asked—it very often was asked—of Canada and Canada's advocates, "Why do you cry out for this new thing? Why do you call on us to make this rash experiment?" But this question cannot be asked of the representatives of Ireland. They ask for no new thing; they ask that the old condition of things shall be restored; they ask that Ireland shall have its own again. The system has worked for good, and nothing but good, wherever it has been tried. But in other cases it was undeniably an innovation; in the case of Ireland it will be merely a restitution.

I need hardly go about to prove elaborately that the Home Rule system has worked well in the great English Colonies; but I may say something about Canada. What was the condition of Canada? The same antagonisms of race and creed that people now lament in Ireland were to be found in Canada. Canada, like Ireland, was virtually governed from Westminster. The Governor-General's offices were for Canada what Dublin Castle is for Ireland. What was the consequence? The French Canadian detested the English and Scotch Canadian; the Catholic hated the Protestant, and the Protestant hated the Catholic. All were agreed on one point and one point only: detestation of the centralised system of government. Lower Canada went into rebellion; Upper Canada went into rebellion. The English Government struck a rare stroke of good luck. They sent out as Commissioner to restore Canada to order a statesman and a man of genius, Lord Durham. Lord Durham's name has been curiously forgotten in our time. His work survives him, however, and the prosperity of the

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Dominion of Canada is his monument. I find it hard to forgive the people of Quebec for having changed the name of "Durham Terrace" into "Dufferin Terrace." Lord Dufferin is a man of great ability, varied accomplishments, and charming manners, and he did a great deal for Quebec. I daresay he would be a much more agreeable man to dine with than the hot-tempered and overbearing Lord Durham. But Lord Durham was a man of genius, and the Dominion of Canada is trophy of his genius. Lord Durham saw that there was but one remedy for the ills of Canada, and that remedy was Home Rule. He saw that the only possible way of governing a country in which there are different races, different religions, different habits, different traditions, is on the principle of what we may call, for lack of any better expression, the federal system of government. He laid the foundation of that system in the Canada of his time, and his scheme provided for the expansion of the system into the Canada of our time. He found Canada distracted by intestine dissensions and hatreds, unprosperous, retrograding, in bitter enmity with the parent country, a source of weakness and even of shame to England. What is Canada now? A peaceful and prosperous country, growing and expanding in resources and in strength every day—a country which never gives England a moment's trouble. If England could only, at any time within the last ten or a dozen years, have sent us in Ireland a Lord Durham! If only she had the Lord Durham to send! Lord Caernarvon might have been a Lord Durham—only he was not. "What's impossible can't be, and very seldom comes to pass." I fully believe that Lord Caernarvon had every wish to be the Lord Durham of Ireland. But even if he wanted nothing else, he wanted the imperial, the imperious, mind of Lord Durham.

It is a curious study now to read the debates in Parliament on the proposals of Lord Durham. The objections made by opponents of the schemes might be quoted word for word as speeches made by Conservatives or by Secessionist Liberals against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme. If we adopt Lord Durham's plan, we shall leave the loyal minority at the mercy of the disloyal majority; we shall leave our Protestant co-religionists at the mercy of Catholic bigotry. It will mean, it is meant to mean, the

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separation of Canada from England. The really respectable and intelligent people of Canada are all against it; only the sedition-mongers are in favour of it. It is not really a Canadian movement at all; it is a movement fostered and kept up altogether by supplies of money from the United States. The enemies of England are doing it all, and Lord Durham is only the tool of the enemies of England. Lord Durham's official title was Lord High Commissioner. *The Times* of that day—very like in fairness and intelligence to *The Times* of this day—used to make it a practice to call him “the Lord High Seditious.” Glancing at some of those old leading articles lately, I thought how wonderfully like they are to the attacks which *The Times* makes every day on Mr. Gladstone. I felt almost like Vivian Grey when, as he is talking to the mediatised Prince of Turriparva over the Prince's schemes and plans and ambitions, his mind goes back to the far-distant days when he talked over the same kind of thing under different conditions with the English Marquis of Carabas, and found it all silly and weary and provocative of sleep; and he thinks within himself that, after all, time is nothing, and that, from the Marquis of Carabas to the Prince of Turriparva, there is not the transit of a moment.

From *The Times* denouncing Lord Durham to *The Times* denouncing Mr. Gladstone, there is no distance to be traversed; it is the same thing. A Rip Van Winkle who had fallen asleep while *The Times* was droning over the pacificator of Canada might well believe it was just the same old drone still going on if he happened to wake up at a right moment and hear *The Times* droning over Mr. Gladstone. Lord Durham reckes little now what *The Times* said then; little need has Mr. Gladstone to reckon, even now, what *The Times* says of him.

I have often been asked, and in perfect good faith, by English friends who were not indisposed to turn with sympathy to the Irish Cause, “What security could you give for the rights of the Protestant minority under an Irish National Parliament?” Well, I should say, to begin with, that the Irish Catholics are ready to give every statutable security for the protection of the Protestant minority that the wit of man can devise. We said this during the debates

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on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure. "Give us a Statutory Parliament, and put into the Statute that creates the Parliament any security you will for the protection of the Protestant minority, and we shall accept it; for we wish the Protestants to be protected as well as you do." But I say with the most perfect sincerity that I do not believe any statutory protection would be really necessary. What security would there be under an Irish National Parliament for the protection of the rights of the Protestant minority? What security for the rights of the men whose co-religionists have at all times, and in the darkest hours of our Irish national history, taken the most active and the most splendid part in the championship of the cause of the nation? Why, I say that if the living were unable to protect the Irish Protestants, the dead in their graves would prove their ample shield and shelter. A Roman poet has pictured Hannibal as guarded at his table against the attempts of his enemies by the shadows of his great victories. The Irish Protestant is forever guarded in Ireland by the shadows of his great co-religionists who struggled and died—who were sacrificed for the cause of Ireland. The very names upon the gravestones—the one gravestone in Dublin City which is left purposely without a name—would be a protection better than any statute law. The names on the tombs of Wolfe Tone and Edward Fitzgerald, Thomas Addis Emmet, Hamilton Rowan, Smith O'Brien, Thomas Davis, John Mitchell, and John Martin—that tomb unmarked by a name which covers the remains of Robert Emmet—these would alone be warrant for the safety of Protestants in Ireland. Time has added to these the name of Isaac Butt; will add to them the name of Charles Stewart Parnell. Many an Irish Catholic is generously jealous of the noble part which his Protestant fellow-countrymen have taken in the struggle for the Irish National Cause. Does any rational man really think that the services of these patriots could ever be forgotten in Ireland? Does anyone suppose that Irishmen are so unlike all other human beings that they would make use of their legislative freedom to oppress the co-religionists of the very men who won that legislative independence for them? No; until you can efface from the memory of Ireland all record of her past history, until you can sponge

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out of the Irish heart that feeling of gratitude which used to be thought its peculiar characteristic, there will never be needed any protection for the Irish Protestant other than that which is given by the gratitude and the sympathy and the love of his Irish Catholic fellow-subject and brother.

In truth, they curiously misunderstand the Irish Cause who fancy it has anything to do with the struggles of sect against sect. The clearest, the most striking, evidences can be given to the contrary. Since the Home Rule Parliamentary party, under that name, has existed, it has had three leaders. The Home Rule party has always been essentially democratic in its constitution, and it selects its leaders by the vote of the majority. The first leader chosen was Mr. Isaac Butt, an Episcopalian Protestant. When Mr. Butt died, we elected—I was then myself a member of the party—Mr. William Shaw, an Ulster Presbyterian, to succeed him. After it had become plain that Mr. Shaw was not advanced enough for the position, we elected in his place another Episcopalian Protestant, in the person of Mr. Parnell. Thus far the party, the great majority of which are Catholics, has never had a Catholic leader. More than this, it never had a Catholic leader proposed for its acceptance. We elect our leader every year. At the opening of each Session someone proposes that this one or that be elected Chairman of the party—that is, Leader. Any member of the party can propose any other name. No Catholic name ever was proposed or suggested. I consider this strong enough evidence that there is not much sectarian feeling in the party or in the country. Of course, it may be said that of late years Mr. Parnell's qualifications are so surpassing that no fervour of Catholic bigotry could think of deposing him. Quite true; but there was a time when the party were not so certain, when the work was not so certain, of Mr. Parnell's qualifications; when he was young and untried; when some thought his Parliamentary policy all a mistake. There was the occasion, for example, when he was pitted against Mr. Shaw. He was elected by only a small majority over Mr. Shaw. I spoke on that occasion myself, and I said that I personally would rather not make any change at such a time; that if up to that moment Mr. Shaw had not been quite a satisfactory leader, it was perhaps because

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he had not entirely understood the feelings and desires of the majority of the Irish people, and I personally would have been in favour of giving him another chance. Since, however, Mr. Parnell had been proposed as leader of the party—I was standing as I spoke just between Mr. Shaw and Mr. Parnell—I could not have the slightest doubt as to the vote I was to give; I should unhesitatingly vote for Mr. Parnell as the man best qualified to lead the Irish party, and in whom the people of Ireland had the fullest confidence. I mention all this now only to illustrate the fact that the Catholic members of the party—and they were many—who chafed at Mr. Shaw's leadership never thought of looking about for a Catholic to lead them. On the other hand, there were some, not a few, Catholics then in the party who thought Mr. Parnell far too extreme a man to make a safe leader; but none of them put forward the name of a Catholic. In fact, the question of Catholic and Protestant was never raised, was never talked, and was, I firmly believe, never thought of, in connection with the choice of a leader for the Irish Parliamentary party. Yet if there were any feelings of distrust on one side or the other, then surely it was the time when such feelings must find some sort of expression. Those who talk about the rival bigotries of Catholic and Protestant in Ireland are talking of a long-buried past, or they are talking of what they do not understand. There are the Orangemen, of course, and many of them are bigoted and savage enough in all conscience; and, as is inevitable, by showing themselves bigoted and savage they drive some of their opponents into acts of retaliation. But no one who knows Ireland really believes that the Orangemen represent the intelligence and the respectability, the good-feeling and the patriotism of the Protestants of Ireland. The Orangemen of Ireland are a very small number of men when compared to the population of the country. I should as soon think of describing the old Ku-Klux organisation as representative of the people of America, North and South, as I should think of regarding the bigotry of Irish Orangemen as any indication of the general feeling of Irish Protestants. Then also we must make allowance even for the Orangemen. The ascendancy of a sect for which they have been struggling so long and so fiercely is gone forever,

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and they know it. All their political hopes have left, or, at all events, are leaving them. A Nationalist sits for one of the divisions of Belfast itself. A Nationalist sits for Derry City. Of the representatives of the province of Ulster, the majority are Nationalists. Nationalism has a majority of the population as it has a majority of representation of Ulster. Take my own case. I sit for Derry City, long believed to be the very stronghold and fastness of Orange ascendancy. In Derry City at the time when I was elected the Catholics were far indeed from having a majority of the votes. If it had been a question of Catholic against Protestant, I should not have had the smallest chance in Derry, should never have thought of contesting the seat. I sit for Derry by virtue of the votes which patriotic Protestants gave me.

Let us look at this matter from another point of view. Let us come to the provinces and counties which we call Catholic distinctively; the constituencies where five voters out of six are Catholic, where no man could possibly have the faintest hope of success, except through the favour of the Catholic voters? What has happened in many of these constituencies? Episcopalian Protestants and Presbyterians from Ulster have been invited to stand for the Catholic constituencies, and now represent them in the House of Commons. Who ever said during all that time, "We won't have a Protestant member; we must have representatives of our own faith?" The Catholic who ventured to suggest such an idea would have met with very little support from his neighbour of his own faith. It was very significant, and very touching as well, when, during the debate on Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, man after man arose from among the Parnellite ranks and began his speech in some such words as these: "Mr. Speaker, I rise as an Ulster Protestant to advocate this measure of Home Rule for Ireland." Nothing is more extraordinary, is more misleading, is more absurd, than the manner in which some writers and speakers treat of what they are pleased to call "Protestant Ulster." They have created for themselves an entirely imaginary Ulster, an Ulster composed of anti-national Protestants only, an Ulster living within a pale of anti-national sentiment, an Ulster which, in the event of any Home Rule scheme being introduced and likely to

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pass, would pray to be legislatively annexed to Scotland rather than endure companionship with Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. The real Ulster is one in which the Catholic and Protestant population are very nearly equal in numbers, and are, for the most part, mixed up inextricably. There are, of course, places, like certain divisions of the City of Belfast, which may be called altogether Protestant; and there is also the county of Donegal, which may be called altogether Catholic. If we have regard to politics only, we shall find that of the Ulster counties, a fourth part of Down, a third part of Armagh, half of Tyrone, the whole of Donegal, the whole of Cavan, and the whole of Monaghan, are represented by Nationalists. Mr. Chamberlain has some delightful plan for exempting the whole of Ulster from the rule of a National Parliament. How will he do it? All the frontier counties, if I may call them so, the counties which draw near and nearer to Leinster and Connaught, are Nationalist. I suppose he would hardly say to the inhabitants of these counties, "We don't care what you think or what you want; we say you shall not be joined with the rest of Ireland." But then it is not these frontier counties alone that are Nationalist. Far away in the north there is Donegal, entirely Catholic and entirely Nationalist. Londonderry and Antrim are, in fact, the only counties where any case could possibly be made out for separate legislation. Well, but we had South Londonderry in the last Parliament, and only lost it this time by a small majority obtained against us by the temporary junction of the Secessionist Liberals with the Tories. Is there nothing to be said for the national sentiments of the minority, who are, after all, only a minority in name and in the Parliamentary sense, of the people of South Londonderry? And then, what about the majority of the population of Derry City, the capital of the county, who have declared for Nationalism and elected a follower of Mr. Parnell for their representative? What is the ingenious Mr. Chamberlain going to do with them? What about the population of the western division of the City of Belfast, the capital city of Antrim, who have emphatically declared for Nationalism, and elected my friend Mr. Sexton to represent them in Parliament? What about the simple fact that the majority of the people of Ulster are in favour of

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an Irish National Parliament? I have no hesitation in saying that if the question be left to Ulster, and to Ulster alone, if the *plébiscite* of all the men of Ulster be taken, and Leinster, Munster, and Connaught stand out and are silent, the voice of the majority of the men of Ulster will demand Home Rule for Ireland. Look at the absurdity in which the arguments of men like Mr. Chamberlain involve them. So profound is their mistrust of Irish Catholics, so rooted their conviction that, if these Catholics got a chance, they would delight in the oppression of their Protestant fellow-countrymen—including Mr. Parnell, of course—so strong is their conviction of this kind, that they would not consent to leave the Protestants of Ulster at the mercy of an Irish National Parliament. Yet the Protestants of Ulster are many and strong; they have wealth, they have energy. We are always hearing from their English admirers how far superior they are to the population of the other provinces; they have the whole of the Conservative and the Liberal Secessionist party to watch over them, to champion their interests, to secure them against wrong. But these same Liberal Secessionist gentlemen are perfectly willing to abandon the Protestants of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught; the Protestants who, in many places, are not in the proportion of one to six among the population. They are entirely willing to leave these Protestants, few, scattered, cut off from Ulster—they are quite willing to commit them to the mercy of an Irish National Parliament. Good gentlemen of the Liberal Secession party, you know very well you don't mean what you are saying. You are not half so bad as you give yourselves out to be. I do not like Mr. Chamberlain now as well as I did once, but I do not believe he is a monster of injustice and inhumanity. And yet what else would he be, if he were willing to abandon the Protestants of the South and West, few and defenceless as they are, to a tyranny which he says would be unendurable to the strong and numerous Protestants of the North? Of course, he would not do anything of the kind. He knows perfectly well that the Protestants of the South would be as safe under an Irish Parliament as the Catholics of the South. He knows very well that the Protestants of the North would be equally safe, but it would not suit him to admit that now. So he sets up an entirely imaginary Ulster,

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and he tries to fan the dying fires of religious bigotry and sectarian antipathy in England and in Ireland also into a flame again. He is a clever man, and he is not weighed down—in political matters—with any heavy load of scruples. Also he is, for an eminent public man, singularly ignorant of the history of anything except that of modern Birmingham; and absolute ignorance makes a man very bold in his experiments sometimes. But he will never get Ireland to accept his imaginary Ulster; Ulster herself will tell him so if he really wants to hear the truth of the story.

Meanwhile, I am glad and proud to say that the nation is making itself. Ireland is practising the great art of self-government. She is training herself in every way. It is not too much to say that at no other period of Ireland's history did Irishmen at home and abroad ever fall into such well-ordered lines of discipline. The dissension among themselves and internecine quarrels, which destroyed so many hopeful efforts in former times, are unknown in this movement. Many hard things are said every day about the Irish Parliamentary party by its enemies; but no one has ever said of it that it is not a well-disciplined party. No one who looks at the *personnel* of that party can possibly doubt that there must be many differences of opinion among the men who compose it. All sorts and conditions of men are included in that party. There are not a few landlords in it, and there are the sons of peasants. These are soldiers who have won distinction in the service of the Queen; soldiers who have won distinction in the French, the Austrian, the American army; there are men who belonged to the ranks of the Fenian insurrection. There are Irish-Americans; there was—there would be still if he were living—one man of entirely English blood. There are some rich bankers; there are clever and successful lawyers; there are one or two working artisans; there are sharp, shrewd men of business; there are journalists and novelists and poets and learned professors. It would be impossible to believe that a party thus made up could always find itself in spontaneous agreement of opinion. Yet the party always meets the House of Commons as a united party; as one man. The explanation of this is that the Irish party debate every question in their

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private meetings, and "bolt it to the bran," the youngest and rawest recruit having as good a right to be heard, and obtaining as good a hearing, as the most distinguished of the veterans; and the discussion is sometimes keen and warm enough. And when all who desire to speak have spoken, the leader of the party then gives his opinion, or else declares, as he has often done, that it is a subject on which he prefers the guidance of the party without expressing any opinion of his own; and then a division is taken and the party is bound by the fundamental principle of its constitution to abide by the vote of its majority. So the Nationalist Irish members come out of their committee-room and pass into the House of Commons; and when the division is taken they vote as one man. Keen is the curiosity, the anxiety, the eagerness felt all through the House of Commons, on the eve of some great division, about the vote of the Irish party. Sometimes there are reasons which make it fitting and necessary for us to keep our decision a secret to the last moment; and when this is resolved on, the secret is faithfully kept. All this is training for self-government. Then take the institutions of Ireland herself. The only really representative bodies we have are the Corporations and Town Councils of the large cities. What has happened in these assemblies? Although the municipal franchise is still a very narrow and restricted one in most of our communities, yet the National party have taken possession of nearly all those corporate bodies. Wherever there is any reality in the representative system, there the electors sent Nationalists to represent them. No one can deny that the cause of municipal government has benefited immensely by the change from the condition of things when only Tories and old-fashioned "Whigs," as they are called in Ireland, had possession of our corporate bodies. The same healthy breath of national public opinion which purified the representation has purified also the atmosphere of municipal life. Town Councils which were hotbeds of jobbery and something like corruption then, are above suspicion now. It is to the honour of the present municipal legislators, who are, of course, Catholics in the great majority, that, although they have succeeded to men who always, when they could, would contrive to shut out Catholics from every sort of public employment, they have

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never, in even the smallest instance, where public employment was concerned, made the slightest difference between the services of Protestants and those of Catholics. No one who knows the places—no one who ever saw such cities a few years ago, and has seen them lately—will deny that the Nationalist Town Councils have shown a capacity and an energy for public work which certainly was not known to, or at all events, exhibited by, their predecessors. Great public improvements have been made, public funds have been managed economically, sanitary arrangements have been introduced which would do credit to the greatest of English cities. The bitterest anti-Nationalist would not think of making such charges against the Corporation of the City of Dublin as those which were lately made, and which formed the subject of public scandal and public investigation against the Corporation of the City of London. Our Boards of Guardians are not representative, at least, they only admit the principle of representation half way—not quite half way. The majority of the members of these Boards are nominated by the Crown; a certain number are elected by the people, but on a somewhat narrow franchise. Where the representative principle prevails the Nationalist candidates are always, or almost always, elected. Our grand juries are an institution which I trust is unknown to any other civilised people. As Sydney Smith humorously said, when speaking of the Irish State Church in the old days, "Nothing that we know of the internal condition of Timbuctoo would warrant us in supposing that the people of that country would put up with such an anomaly." An Irish grand jury is not only a tribunal of first instance in criminal law, but it is also the financial body entrusted with the raising and the spending of money for roadmaking, bridge-making, and all other such country works; and it is a body nominated by the County Sheriff, who is himself nominated by the Castle. It is hardly necessary to say that the Irish National party do not command a majority in the grand juries. Indeed, this fact in itself may be said to tell the whole story. Where the people elect the National party always have the majority. Where the Castle appoints good care is taken that only men are employed whom the people would never elect. We had a curious instance lately, in Dublin, of the manner in which even old Castle strong-

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holds have sometimes to yield to the change in the condition of things. Dublin City has a right to appoint her Sheriff in this way. The Corporation submits to the Lord-Lieutenant the names of three men, and the Lord-Lieutenant selects one of the three. This plan worked most satisfactorily for the British Garrison party, so long as the City Council was altogether in the hands of the Tories and the Whigs. The sort of men from whom the Castle would always be glad to choose were invariably submitted to the Castle. But now, behold, the condition of things has entirely changed. The Dublin Town Council has only a very few members who are not staunch Home Rulers, and last year the Council astonished the Castle by presenting as the three names from which the selection for the Sheriff's office was to be made the names of Mr. Sexton, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Healy. What was to be done? Mr. Dillon at that time was actually under prosecution by the Castle. Mr. Healy and Mr. Sexton were uncompromising and avowed enemies of the whole Castle system. They had all three been in prison, either on some political charge or under Mr. Forster's Suspicion Act, by which a man could be imprisoned against whom no charge had been made or was even intended to be made. What was to be done? The Lord-Lieutenant had to make a choice, the Act of Parliament said so; the Act which was made at a time when there was as little thought of a Nationalist Town Council in Dublin as of popular government in Siberia. The Lord-Lieutenant saw no better way of getting out of the difficulty than that of appointing Mr. Sexton, over whose head, at least, no Castle prosecution was hanging just at that moment. Not many cities have, I imagine, a great orator for their High Sheriff. Everyone remembers how, in the immortal novel of the elder Dumas, "Monte Cristo," the prisoner of the Château d'If tries to keep up his bodily strength, through all the horrible darkness and wasting weariness of his cell, by physical exercise. He has set his heart on escape. He believes with a kind of passionate faith that, sooner or later, he will be free; and he determines that when the hour comes which finds him free, it shall find him also a strong and capable man, ready to defend his friends and be revenged on his enemies. I have sometimes thought that what is told of Edmond Dantes might in a

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manner be said of Ireland. During the long term of her imprisonment the mind of the country was set on enfranchisement, and was determined to be able to make fitting use of legislative independence when, in the mercy of Providence, the hour for legislative independence should come. So, through all these years, the Irish people have been training themselves for the work of self-government in order that there may be no delay; that they may be ready when the time arrives. Thus we see, under our very eyes, the forming of a nation going on. When the day comes, and it is but a short way off now, on which the Imperial Parliament shall say to Ireland, "We emancipate you from subjection; we give you your own Parliament; go and form yourselves into a nation," Ireland, speaking with pride for her people, can say, "Behold, we *are* a nation, trained and taught—self-trained, self-taught—for all the responsibilities and all the work of a nation."

The Land Inquiry—And After ?

By F. E. Green

"THEY irritate the slumbering, dominant party without strengthening the insurgent," wrote George Meredith in one of his letters. These words might have been written of Mr. Lloyd George.

This stormy petrel of the Liberal Party displayed high political courage during the Boer War. He showed himself ready to die in defence of a losing cause. Unfortunately, he accepted office, and the day he did so he lost his chance of becoming the Cobbett of the twentieth century. Indeed, ever since he took that fatal step he has been graduating for the part of Harlequin in the great Land Campaign Pantomime, which is frequently put on for one night only when the populace becomes restive, and taken off again immediately the plaudits of the crowd rise to fever height.

The Government pantomime had the longest run in the great Budget performance in 1909, when Harlequin played such antics in smacking landlords with his pliable wand that he created quite a commotion in the stalls. Thoroughly alarmed, they rushed back to their country houses and stirred up the countryside.

There was no doubt about it, the landlords really were scared. Their eyes shot shafts of anger pointed with class hatred such as one imagines glinted from the eyes of the patricians at the end of the French Revolution.

But I observed that whilst the bucolic Conservative landowners were alarmed, the more intelligent landowning Liberals went their way untroubled. *They* evidently knew what would happen at the fall of the curtain.

The resounding thwacks of the Harlequin barely bruised a single member of the possessing class. Agricultural land was exempt from taxation, and land other than agricultural had merely to bear the miserable tax of a halfpenny in the pound, which after all was really not worth the picking up. The possessing class sent up a sigh of relief as the price of agricultural land steadily rose 15 per cent. in value.

When the Budget play was over and those who toiled

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in the fields went home to find their larders empty, hungry teeth began to glisten in rural constituencies. It indicated that the earth hunger was not satisfied, that those who worked for masters still had to live and rear families on inadequate wages and live in wretched cottages. Then it was that the Government sent their popular comedian into the provinces "to sever the shackles of feudalism"—with striking phrases.

It appeared that for the successful presentation of the comedy, to equip it thoroughly with trap-doors and exits, the services of a great number of sceneshifters had to be engaged. This new play they called *The Land Inquiry*.

The Government suddenly developed a passion for rural scenic effects. Most of us who listened to the fiery speeches delivered by leading politicians during the Budget and the House of Lords campaign imagined that these statesmen of ours were fully equipped with the knowledge of rural life. But we were mistaken. In spite of our State Departments of the Local Government Board, the Board of Trade, and the Board of Agriculture, not a member of this essentially urban Government appeared to know how the rural poor lived.

Their plight resembles that of Pitt, who in 1800 introduced a Bill to ameliorate the conditions of the rural poor, but who soon dropped it because he was "inexperienced himself in country affairs, and in the condition of the poor, and would not press the measure on the attention of the House." And that was over a hundred years ago!

We were assured that the new play would, in scenic effects, excel any picture ever presented before of rural England. "But when is it going to begin?" we asked impatiently, stamping our feet. "You wait," came the answer. "It will be quite worth your while, for Harlequin is getting new tights made, scintillating with spangles, and a new wand—a perfect weapon that will sting the bare backs of the occupants of the stalls, and effectually bring down the gods."

Whilst clamouring for the new play to begin we were told that a popular spectacular play, called "*The Tragedy of the Far East*," would have to be put on first; and then, when it was found that this drama began to draw very

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poor houses, the directors and large shareholders of the State Repertory Theatre decided that the Trailing of a Red Herring would form an attractive feature of a pantomimic display, with the introduction of a new act called the Education Act. (This, it was rumoured, was presented to give a chance to the heavy tragedian who had always taken the lead in military dramas. It was said that he had objected to all Government pantomime being specially written for Harlequin.)

But the people said they were tired of education plays. These plays always sent them to their homes with a fierce hunger for food.

"Let's have Harlequin!" they shouted. "He is the man for us." So to appease the people the Government let Harlequin appear again—for one night only—and though Columbine had now turned her back on him, he performed at the National Liberal Club on Friday, January the 31st. The stalls were again thwacked and the claques cheered at his coruscations. It had its effect. "You see," wrote one of the critics in the stage-box, who signs himself P. W. W. and who kindly explains all Government plays to the readers of the *Daily News*, "abundant evidence is already available to justify the following forecast:—

"The statutory establishment of a minimum wage of at least £1 per week for agricultural labourers.

"Every labourer who requires a cottage shall have one (with a plot of land) independent of farmer or landlord."

Then followed the usual epilogue. Five days later, in reply to a question by Mr. Charles Bathurst, who asked if the performance at the National Liberal Club represented the policy of the Government, the Prime Minister replied with some asperity that "Mr. Lloyd George did not formulate any proposals," and that any statements which have since appeared in the Press professing to represent the policy of the Government are "pure efforts of imagination."

And the subtle Harlequin himself when questioned had to admit with a smile that he had only been having a fling on his own, and had propounded no act of statecraft. The meaning of that smile has not been lost.

The "gods" were brought down but to be buried!

The curtain has now gone up on an entirely new play.

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The prologue already has been uttered, and that great army of the dispossessed who toil long for a mere pittance, housed in hovels, and still denied access to the land, men who

“Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,”

have turned away heart-broken to their desolate homes. The women he had foiled; and now they, too. Their leader, their one valiant David who was to have broken the shackles of feudalism, has deserted them. On the 10th of March their doom was sealed. The King's Speech had been uttered; and there was nothing for them. Out of their labour money should be raised for *developing cotton-growing among the Soudanese*; but for them, the labourers of England, there was nothing, not even better wages.

Country-house parties begin to assume a more cheerful aspect. The densest of backwoodsmen begin to realise that strong words break no bones, nor do they injure incomes. The Chancellor may now even be regarded as an asset to the party of reaction. It is well to have a Harlequin who tickles the palate of the people by references to Dukes, but who leaves ducal incomes undisturbed. The Chancellor has become the Oscar Wilde of politics.

But surely, I shall be told, there is another Chief of a Government department who has done revolutionary things. The ex-Secretary of the Board of Agriculture (I think I was the first to point this out in the pages of this *Review*), having successfully prevented Earl Carrington from making the Small Holdings Act workable in the backward counties, has now been promoted to another sphere of harmless activity, and in his place Mr. Runciman has appointed a Socialist, Sir Sydney Olivier. But just at the moment when land reformers began to hope that the President of the Board of Agriculture would begin to use the State machinery in a workmanlike way for the development of the countryside, Mr. Runciman showed the white feather, placating the landowning interest by a speech, in which he said “the less Government interfered with Industry and Commerce the better,”—sentiments that the Duke of Northumberland enthusiastically welcomed as Mr. Runciman's “most conservative speech.”

It is evident, then, that he will not let his new secretary, whom Mr. Joseph Chamberlain first singled out as a man

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of amazing industry, use his administrative ability to achieve any far-reaching effect. While Sir Walter Runciman, in his own words, is "graduating in Socialism," his son seems anxious to take honours in a classic Individualism.

I may be told that Mr. Runciman has quite recently instituted a system of credit banking. But Mr. Runciman's system of money-lending is not taking us a step further. It is not even credit banking. In a clause in the Small Holdings Act, 1908, power was invested in County Councils to lend money to groups of small holders, and even to assist them in marketing their produce. That is to say, the people's elected representatives could under this Act become the small holders' bankers. The Government, however, has never insisted upon County Councils putting this most useful section of the Act into effect. Instead, the President of the Board of Agriculture announces a scheme which places small holders entirely in the hands of the managers of joint stock banks, thereby setting up in each village another little local tyrant, who will have as much power as the landowner and the large farmer in supervising the daily life of the labourer and small cultivator. Indeed, Mr. Runciman's scheme is not even as favourable to small holders as the proposals that were made to him by a deputation of experts who approached him last June. Mr. Runciman has simply dressed the Gombeen man in a frock coat, a tall hat, and a pair of spats to lure the small holders of England into his den. He has given the most powerful vested interest in England the entrance to fields of enterprise from which every reformer hoped the money-lender would have been warned off as a trespasser.

Feeling that the chances of legislative reform were eluding them, land reformers in the three political parties then joined together to try to replace some of the reactionary County Councillors with men of progressive promise. But we found the reigning County Councils more firmly entrenched than even the House of Lords.

Our County Councils are really constituted much like the Commons were before 1832. In many districts no election has been contested since the passing of the Local Government Act, and the voters have come to regard voting for a County Councillor as an act of supererogation. Many labourers regarded election literature as ballot papers and

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brought them to the polls! The attempt to storm these fastnesses of prescriptive right, though a gallant one, on the whole failed. No real change will ever be effected until Parliament votes a small sum to every County Councillor to cover loss of time and travelling expenses. This is as important as the abolition of plural voting. Then rural England might become as reanimated as Ireland where the soul of the people is not dead.

There still remains to us, however, that crop which has been harvested, but not yet put upon the market: the crop of facts produced by the Land Inquiry. It is possible that we have not yet seen samples displayed in the market-place because there may be a good many tares among the wheat. It may be that the inquirers have discovered that the owners of bad property and the employer of sweated labour are not all wicked Tories.

Since I wrote the article which appeared in the September number of this *Review*, and which formed the first chapter of *The Tyranny of the Countryside*, I have journeyed to places where the life of Britain's bold peasantry seems to be lived at its lowest ebb. I have visited many properties owned by Liberals as well as Conservatives, and have found little to choose between them.

In a Cotswold village, for instance, I found two lads of 15 and 16 ploughing, that is, driving the teams themselves, for a weekly wage of 4s. 6d. and 6s. respectively. Their Conservative employer could obtain this cheap labour because the boys lived in one of his farm-tied cottages, in the two bedrooms of which slept a family of eleven souls. And in a neighbouring country town I found that the worst cottage property was owned by the treasurer of the local Liberal Association.

Two Surrey villages in which I recently stayed afford us instructive examples of property owned by a Conservative and a Liberal respectively. One is the village of Hascombe, noted for its beautiful beeches. The entire parish is owned by one man. He is, I believe, a Conservative. Game preserving seems to be the most thriving pursuit, judging by the ill-cultivated fields, the number of pheasants to be seen, and the luxurious motors disgorging their guns.

The wages of the labourers are 13s. a week.

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So dear are the necessities of life here that anyone above the rank of a labourer who can command the services of a horse and trap drives to shop in Guildford, eight miles away. But the married labourer remains tied to his village, manacled by low wages and squeezed by high prices. His mind, though, is well looked after. There is a beautiful little church here, as there always is in such villages, and the churchyard is kept like "a gentleman's lawn," to which the labourer contributes his bones. He is provided with a model village institute, and the *Morning Post* to enlighten him with social and political knowledge. But his wages remain at 13s. a week.

In one of these cottages a labourer's wife heroically brought up a family of nine children on 12s. a week, and they all had to sleep in two bedrooms. The only way the mother could satisfy the pangs of hunger in her children was by giving them cooked nettles and bread, and a hard pudding made of flour and water. For many weeks this would be their daily dinner.

A few miles distant you come to an estate made tragic by the death of Whittaker Wright. This is Lea Park, now owned by that great Liberal capitalist, Lord Pirrie. There is no necessity here to display that excellent electioneering placard of the Liberal Party, "Keep off the Earth," for five miles of brick wall are more compelling than words. Inside them the rich agricultural land nourishes deer and pheasants. Across the park and over the public highways stretches a private motor track, which takes my lord, when he pleases, to Haslemere. If you are fortunate enough to obtain employment inside these walls, you must be prepared to renounce all worldly pursuits, such as the keeping of fowls or pigs, and even that of adding to your family.

It is often contended that the benevolent despotism of a wealthy landowner, say of a Liberal Peer, like Lord Pirrie, or of a Tory Peer, like the Duke of Bedford, is a good thing for the English agricultural labourer.

The Duke of Bedford, more in sorrow than in anger, has taken exception to some remarks in my book, *The Tyranny of the Countryside*, and last month (March) addressed a long letter to the London and provincial daily newspapers to show the small amount of interest he obtained from capital invested in cottage property on his Ridgmount

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estate, and seems anxious to let it be known publicly how he philanthropically manages the village that lies outside his park gates.

Model villages, such as Ridgmount, which can be run, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests, as a philanthropic hobby by landowners who derive enormous incomes from the exploitation of town workers, do not particularly interest me, though in this case the great revenue of the Duke is not only derived from urban dwellers, but also from a tribute exacted from agriculturists who send their produce to the monopolist market of Covent Garden. It was a lucky thing for the Russell family, but decidedly a bad bargain for the public, when Henry VIII. despoiled the monks of Westminster and handed over their property for a song to the Duke of Bedford's ancestor.

My interest in Ridgmount is due solely to the fact that the writer of a paper for the Sociological Society, of which the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour is president, Dr. H. H. Mann, made a thorough house-to-house investigation of the village of Ridgmount to get at the actual wages earned and the physical efficiency of the inhabitants of a purely agricultural village. Dr. Mann's lack of bias against landowners as a class was exemplified by his taking a "model village" for the area of his research. That nearly the entire village happened to be owned by the Duke of Bedford neither concerned Dr. Mann, nor me. It only makes the matter worse from the point of view of those who believe in the individual ownership of large estates.

The Duke of Bedford complains that certain statements quoted by me are wrong. Very well. Let us take the Duke's own figures.

I do this quite willingly, though I cannot help recalling a certain debate in the House of Lords just a year ago—the only time in my life that I have ever ventured into that august assembly—when I heard Lord Haldane's rapid and continuous dribble of destructive criticism of the Duke of Bedford's figures on the army estimates, concerning which the War Minister complained that the most noble Duke invariably employed an accountant who supplied him with the wrong figures.

I shall, however, take the Duke's, or his lawyers', figures as correct. And what do these figures show? On a

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"model" estate, owned and controlled by an enormously wealthy Peer who seems to be proud of the way his men are housed and paid, we are told that eight out of twenty-two occupiers of the Duke's cottages, and in his employment, receive 15s. a week in cash wages, *plus* "the aggregate sum of £44 6s. 2d. by way of extra pay divided between these eight." This extra pay, by the way, is earned by overtime at harvesting, and the Duke does not say if the 15s. a week is paid during harvest time as well as the "extra."

Dr. H. H. Mann calculated this extra to be worth no more than 1s. 6d. a week on outside farms and 9d. a week on the Duke's farms. But we will take the Duke's figures as correct and analyse their life-giving value.

The rents of the cottages, we are informed, average 1s. 8½d. per cottage, exclusive of rates. Letting the "extras" pay for the rent and rates, we have eight men out of twenty-two left with a cash sum each week of 15s. with which to provide the food, the clothes, the coal, the boots, the oil, the soap, and the other necessities of life for an average-sized family of six souls! 2s. 1d. divided by six leaves a trifle over 4d. a day for the maintenance of each person. If the Duke has a taste for tobacco, would he care to spend as little on a cigar? Would it not be approximately correct to value the cost of a day's maintenance in the life of a labourer's child at the price of a puff from a ducal cigar? *Every inmate of a workhouse costs in food alone, bought at wholesale prices, 3s. 4d. per week.*

And I believe the Duke of Bedford to be the best landlord who takes his seat in the House of Lords!

He informs me he pays his men for one half-holiday a week, as well as for six whole holidays each year. But so does every little greengrocer in the vicinity of Long Acre who has to find money as well to pay the heavy rent due to the Duke every quarter day. These six whole holidays, graciously paid for, consist of the four Bank Holidays and two Holy Days.

The Duke implies that the game from his park does not interfere with the cropping of the field allotments because eight acres out of twenty-one were, in 1912, cultivated with corn. But he does not inform us of the produce of those eight acres after his game have had their run over

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them. He says: "Neither pig-keeping nor poultry-keeping are discouraged on the estate. *Leave has to be obtained.*" The italics are mine. (There appear to be no reservations as to the keeping of white mice.) It never seems to occur to the Duke that he might ask his poorer neighbours if they object to him preserving game. This is a point of honour sensed only by the poor when, for instance, one cottager wishes to keep a pair of pigeons close to another's garden. And has not every "lucky" tenant of the Duke's to agree to be a "watcher of game"?

After all, this superstructure of benevolent despotism in spite of all its props of old-age pensions, of sick pay, of swimming baths, of six whole holidays in the year, stands condemned on the basic foundation of 15s. a week. Do not the farmers of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland pay their men £1 a week besides having to pay rent to some lord of the soil? The Duke of Bedford has no rent to pay and is an enormously wealthy man.

It is clear we cannot look for a free, virile race of English peasantry reared under the benevolent despotism of a Bedford or a Pirrie, where leave to keep a few hens has to be obtained. From the national point of view the Big Estate stands condemned by the admission of its very upholders. Nor in small ownership—that battlecry (though often feebly uttered) of the generals of the Conservative Party—is to be found the panacea.

I should like to take Mr. Belloc, Mr. Chesterton, and Mr. Jesse Collings (a strange trio) down with me to a charming site amid the Mendip Hills some twenty miles away from Bristol town. I went there in February in response to an invitation from some excellent Quakers who had formed a Citizen's League in Winscombe (after a reading of *The Awakening of England*) to improve the conditions of rural life.

During my visit a County Council Inquiry was held, both at Shiphams and at Winscombe in response to an appeal from four residents. The condition of affairs at Shiphams is illuminating. Many years ago lead mines were worked here by squatters, who built their cottages on what appears to have been No-man's-land. It would be difficult to find a fairer spot in England than this, where from between the

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escarpments of the Mendip Hills can be seen the Bristol Channel glittering in the sun and beyond the shadowy forms of the Welsh Hills, and it is here "small ownership" has been carried out to an extent rare in the annals of rural England.

In 1841 the population was 707; in 1911 it was 359. Though the population has dwindled to one half, the cottages are not only legally overcrowded, but according to the Medical Officer of Health for the county, "grossly and morally overcrowded." Thirty-three of the sixty cottages inspected this year were occupied by their owners. In one cottage three boys and two girls sleep in one room, while the mother and three children sleep in the other. In the bedroom of another cottage sleep two youths aged sixteen and eighteen, and two girls aged fourteen and eighteen. And it should be remembered that most of these bedrooms are so small that the cubic space allowed for each person is often far less than that permitted in a common lodging-house. In one bedroom, with an area of not more than 700 cubic feet sleep three persons of two sexes aged 15, 20, and 21. In two small bedrooms of a capacity of 660 and 480 cubic feet respectively sleep a mother and eight children.

Now at this inquiry the ratepayers—that is to say the small owners living in their miserable hovels—were furious at the bare thought of new cottages being built with a possibility of an increase in their rates. This hare was, of course, soon started by the members of the Rural District Council. The Clerk to this Council admitted that no systematic inspection had been made of this grossly insanitary village for at least seventeen years!

Where the local authority is lethargic and the parish is owned by exceedingly poor people the administration of Health Acts becomes a dead letter; the poor are rendered unprogressive by the fear that any reform effected is invariably costly to them.

The Medical Officer of Health stated that Shiphams contained the worst cottages to be found in Somerset.

One can hardly have two more striking instances of the evils arising from leaving land in the hands of either large or small owners than the parish of Shiphams and the adjoining parish of Rowberrow, which is entirely owned by its

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Squire. Here the population in 1831 was 392. It has now dwindled to one-fourth.

This village lies in a beautiful gorge, and the wrecked roofs and dismantled walls of the stone cottages give it the appearance of some Alpine village which has suffered from an avalanche. Nothing worthy of the name of farming is to be seen on the land all laid down to grass. Sport alone seems to absorb the energies of the governing class. The vicarage is an empty house, and the church is now served by the vicar of Shipham. The school has also been closed, and on the death of the present generation of squatters every bit of land reverts to the Squire, which means that in time this beautiful little gorge will be emptied of life.

The curate of one of the villages, a fine type of the church militant, a major who has taken Holy Orders, said to me: "I know far better than the inspectors how these rooms are overcrowded, for I am called to these cottages at night, and I rarely rise from their floor with dry knees. Dirt lies for ever entombed between the stone flags. We do not allow this scandalous kind of thing in India."

Whichever way we like to look at it, private ownership of land has failed and is failing every day to meet the requirements of a modern State. The worst of it is there is no sign of any genuine attempt to "sever the shackles of feudalism." The more the Chancellor of the Exchequer talks, the less it seems is likely to be accomplished. Last month, when I was in Suffolk helping in a County Council election contest, a Rural District Council actually withdrew its plans for the building of cottages where cottages were badly needed on the excuse that a reply given by Mr. Lloyd George to a recent deputation implied that Rural Councils would receive shortly grants in aid from the Treasury. Indeed, "the raging, tearing land campaign" (*vide* Tory papers) forcibly recalls the story told by Abraham Lincoln when opposed in court by a vociferous and turbulent counsel. "He reminds me," said Lincoln to the judge, "of the farmer who was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and knelt down to pray. 'Oh, Lord!' he cried, 'cannot we have a little less noise and a little more light!'"

The Christian Drum

By the Editor

IN one of Tolstoi's stories, the King who has taken away the beautiful wife of a peasant, tells the man he will give her back if he can find the way to "there, where nobody knows," and return to him with "that, don't know what"; and in despair the man goes to the soldiers. They laugh. "From the day we are soldiers," they say, "we go we don't know where, and never yet have we got there," and "we, too, seek we don't know what, and never yet have we found it," whereat the peasant turns away and, picking up a big drum, presents himself before the King. "Go away," says the King, so the man marches out of the palace, beating the drum with rage. And lo, all the soldiers turn to attention, form up and march behind him, till the King, seeing that his army is forsaking him, cries out to the man to stop, and restores to him his wife.

The Empty Drum! In the year of our Lord 1913 it is a story to be read. Never before has the drum been beaten so fiercely, and never has its inherent emptiness been more conspicuous. Whither it would lead, no Government, no nation, no man, not even the kings who beat it, have any idea, as what it is that is sought for neither wisdom nor morality can tell. It is making a great and persistent noise, that is all the best of us can say. And all over civilised Europe its shindy is drawing men and peoples behind it, just like the drum in the story, and there is no reason of State, of Church, or of humanity which has any power to stop it or, for that matter, any apparent or serious desire. A big pow-wow—that is all. Ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan! "Onward, Christian Soldiers," making of this wonderful age an era of bloody, bloated armaments, without precedent in the history of the world.

But Tolstoi's tale is incomplete. It is not a question of any man's wife, or any man's goods to-day, it is the

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Christian Drum that is beating, beating, as Bismarck described it, "with God and Kaiser," and now, in the words of the Emperor William, justifying the fifty-million German War Loan, "in the name of God" and his mercy.

"In the name of God" and his mercy! So speaks the very Christian War Lord of Germany, as if the Huns of Atila were once more preparing to devastate the country, whereas the truth is no Power is threatening Germany at all. And here it must be plain to all serious thinking people lies the root of the evil oppressing modern Europe. What are the reputed words of the Christ? "Arm and conquer, return an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"? Precisely the contrary: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." The whole spirit and teaching of Jesus are summed up in these beautiful words, which have ever since stood as the foundation and principle of what men theoretically call belief or Christianity, and what in practice they term civilisation. From the year one, this religion of mercy, charity, humility, forgiveness and repentance has stood as the citadel of conscience and moral government, yet in its name the drum has always beaten fiercer and fiercer to arms and conquest; and there have been more wars waged in the name of Christianity than in all the annals of mankind during the thousands of years previous to the Crucifixion, and there has been more human blood shed for the Cross than for any other cause in history, and now, after nineteen hundred years of warfare, Europe is turned into a drill-ground of utterly wasteful armies of destruction going they do not know where, seeking they do not know what, primed for mutual slaughter in the name of the "very God," justified by the supreme hypocrisy of self-defence.

In self-defence Germany is resorting to a War Loan of fifty millions, has built ships with feverish rapidity, in the hope of catching up to us, and because she is arming—all in the name of God—Russia keeps close on a million men on her frontier "to supervise Germany," and France has to fall back on compulsory three-years' service as the sole means of keeping abreast. What, if there is a soul in Christianity, does all this talk of war in the name of

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God mean? Does the Kaiser imagine that Germany is the favourite of the Deity who sent his Son down to earth to deliver mankind from sin? What, in the name of their own sanity, are the ministers of the churches doing that they do not proclaim from every pulpit in Europe the blasphemy of this bloodthirsty doctrine so completely at variance with the teachings of "Our Saviour," and so disastrous to the progress of humanity? What are Governments, peoples, individuals doing that they do not rise up and protest against this humbug of war in the name of religion, against this hideous immorality and savagery? Let those who ask but listen.

The drum is beating in the centre of Europe, there is no other answer. What use are creeds, philosophies, books, beliefs, against the rattle of the empty drum? How far less use when it is a Christian drum! The Kaiser knows that, for above all things he is a diplomatist. Though the Germans are the most free-thinking and irreligious nation in Europe, though in Germany there is a notorious dearth of churches, and cynicism is as popular as beer, it is from Germany that the Christian drum chivies all Europe into armaments, because there alone is an absolute personal Government which decrees and is obeyed. That is the supreme strength of Germany, as it is the supreme danger to Europe. The Emperor will get his fifty millions, his additional annual expenditure, his re-arming of the artillery, his men and his new ships too, while we, who are reputed a practical nation, are wrestling with a handful of discontented women, hearkening to the drum, it is true, yet alone not following it, characteristically awaiting developments.

From the English point of view, the German war drum has been tromelled to one good effect, which is that with the prodigious expenditure on the army, it is clear that no very great increase in German shipbuilding will be possible either this year or the next. For the moment the naval rivalry between England and Germany ceases. Another danger has sprung up before the Fatherland—Russia and the Slav Balkan League: barring the way to German Eastern expansion, frustrating the whole design of the

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Emperor's Near Eastern policy, which as little contemplated the expulsion of Turkey from Europe as German diplomacy foresaw the possibility of an Anglo-French *entente*—which was the unforgivable failure of Prince Bülow. Once more Bismarck has been vindicated. Germany in the centre of Europe, he laid down as axiomatic of German statesmanship, must always remember her frontiers; she must be a land Power, she can never have a great oversea empire. The collapse of European Turkey has driven in his warning with blood and iron. Germany is cooped in. Drunk with naval ambition, the Emperor for the last ten years had quite forgotten the geography of his country. The Creusot guns of the Allies, the rout of his old friend the Turk, the rise of a new Slav Federation in the South, have once more turned his attention from the quarterdeck to the destiny of Germany on shore. He is Emperor by "divine right." There is no opposition, no possibility of opposition. Unlike our greatest soldier, who ends his old age stumping the country for a hearing, the Emperor bangs the big drum and in a morning Europe is plunged into panic and there would seem no outlet but in war.

Of that no thinking man can doubt. Somewhere, some day, even the empty drum must lead. That it can be beaten indefinitely to no purpose is contrary to all the teaching of history. That it is being beaten now out of mere bravado and goodwill is untenable, even as a proposition. In reality it is the Emperor's answer to the new European situation. It means that Germany, contrary to all English idealist opinion, is determined to uphold the principle of militarism as the *ultima ratio* of diplomatic argument, and will hear nothing either of disarmament or humanitarianism.

Thus suddenly, unexpectedly, the entire European political position has changed. The tension between England and Germany will cease, pending the German respite in the shipbuilding race—a respite which, if we have any political sanity left in us, we will promptly use to place the dwindling margin of naval superiority beyond all possible doubt of challenge. On the other hand,

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Europe groans once more in the crisis of *Kriegsspiel*. Russia is again the enemy, as Bismarck always prophesied she would be. But the game is now between France and Germany, as in the last few years it has been with us. That France will show a craven spirit is not to be contemplated. That Russia will allow Germany to reinsure herself at the expense of France is no longer even an argument. The new Military Federation has come to stay, and no one knows that better now than Germany. Belgium is arming to the teeth. Austria awaits the demise of the venerable Emperor "of peace" with no little anxiety. Thus Europe is braced and loaded for war, "with God and Fatherland" as the emblem of each separate country, armed only in the cause of self-defence, the pugilistic euphemism for the "knock-out." It is no use to philosophise, to talk humanity or sentiment, or pretend that the war panic does not exist. At this moment all Europe is deliberately preparing for war, though nobody knows why, or what good war would do to either victor or vanquished; it is so, in the name of God.

Most happily for us, we live on an island; at this hour we are the *tertius gaudens* Power in Europe, feeling that the Naval Estimates are sufficient and that we have only the border warfare of Belfast and the sexes to confront. We need not be anxious at the slowness of the Government with regard to aircraft, which, as a military weapon, is still in its infancy, and the more so as we have an undoubted genius for awaiting the development of a new engine of destruction and then ourselves turning it to account, as we did in the cases of torpedoes, motors, submarines, and wireless telegraphy, all of which were discovered and developed by foreigners. The question for England, then, is not the morality of the Hohenzollern drum, not the outrage to Christianity caused by this crass display of brute force, but simply this: Are we to fall back in the race of military expansion and so for ever to give up our claim to be a recognised land Power in Europe, or are we, mindful of our own history, to follow in the wake of Berlin, when the only alternative is conscription?

Germany, we may be perfectly sure, will neither listen to sense nor remonstrance. As there is no justification for

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her war fever, so there will be no justification for her actions. She will arm and attack if, and when, she pleases. Nothing will restrain her attitude short of a European coalition against her, such as was formed to cut short the rapacity of Napoleon, and this, unless the women of England obtain the upper hand, seems hardly within the range of practical politics. The grand mischief-maker of Europe, the Emperor with his military madness, has several policies open to him. One is frankly to abandon all idea of outbuilding us in ships, when we might come to a deal; the other is to try to force France into fighting *without our land help*, and so bully her into partnership; and the third is to make a complete friend of Russia and detach her from France, in which event the Western aggrandisement of Germany to the mouth of the Rhine would be the goal of Teutonic ambition. But this latter alternative is so remote a possibility that it is not worth immediate consideration.

The question to us is the stability of France, a stability which we are not only pledged to uphold by all the canons of good faith and the *entente*, but which carries with it the independence of the sea borders of Holland and of France, as, failing such stability, they must necessarily fall into German conquering hands. If it is certain that we are unwilling or unable to co-operate militarily in the defence of France, then, sooner or later, the pressure will come and France will have to decide between the friendship of England or Germany, with the alternative in either case of fighting for her very existence. So much is obvious. And it is here that English opinion will have to take a decision, and it will be the turning-point in European history.

With conscription, able and determined, in the event of a wanton German invasion of France, to throw an expeditionary force of at least 300,000 trained soldiers on the Continent, we hold the ring, and the advance of Germany to the western coasts of Europe could be frustrated. Without conscription we can do nothing. The military value of our friendship is negligible. We are merely well-wishers. We cease to count in diplomacy or

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war. In the rigid insularity of defence, our offensive has neither cognisance nor pike.

In a word, we now have to follow the Christian drum or to be content, marooned upon our "right-little, tight-little island," trusting to our good men and ships to preserve the national continuity. Our aversion to conscription is merely our aversion to system, the bugbear of Individualism. Yet we love nothing better than playing at soldiering. To see our mounted Territorials practising wheeling evolutions on the sands at some of our seaside resorts would make even a Pomeranian recruit smile. See the enthusiasm about the Boy Scouts. Listen to Vesta Tilley with her song about the soldier—unquestionably the military spirit is with us. And, oddly enough—we are always paradoxical in this country—the Socialists, headed by Hyndman and Bernard Shaw,* are in favour of conscription, though the entire Social Democracy of Europe is against it.

The trouble is, of course, our party system, with its corresponding lack of national discipline and direction, at the mercy always of quinquennial waves of popular temper and experiment and what is known as the pendulum. Our insularity allows us to devote the national energies to the "game" which we do with the same zest and spirit that we follow horse-racing and football. "For George" or a "Cecil," and there the purview ends, at Folkestone or Brighton, while the India Office is shrouded in complete mystery, and the Foreign Minister is popularly credited with bovine ignorance of his own department. Party government is a splendid weapon for parochial politics, but as its condition is the machinery based upon the servile obedience of its following, both in and out of Westminster, it tends more and more to fail where statesmanship and international initiative are required, for the very reason that the greater the popularity of the Cabinet the less must grow its own free action and control. Thus the needs of the Army are made a party affair. Thus the comic

* *Vide Shaw's article, The Daily Chronicle, March 18th.*

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irresolution of the Home Office because a handful of hysterical women hunger-strike; thus the stampeding of Members of Parliament recently over the absurdly exaggerated White Slave Traffic; thus our War Office apathy about war; thus the indifference of the Government about divorce reform in spite of the Majority Report—because all these matters are non-party issues, not negotiable in the party, vote-catching sense, and can thus more or less safely be jettisoned by a Cabinet dependent upon a fickle suffrage, of necessity driven ever onwards by its own party momentum.

In the case of conscription, the panic of Tory and Liberal is Pickwickian, only soldiers and Socialists having the moral courage to pronounce the word, though why the modern Liberalism of Mr. Lloyd George should take fright at the notion of compulsion shows curious ignorance of foreign conditions, seeing that it is quite certain that, with the introduction of national service, class Socialism would arise for the first time as its inevitable corollary, spreading the democratic ideas of the day far and wide through the country—which is, no doubt, the reason why Bernard Shaw supports it. Against the English forces of snobbery and parochialism, Socialism has not a sporting chance. But conscription means system, discipline, control, national organisation—four things party insularity abominates. Conscription would turn the mind of the professional footballer and football gazer, the caddie and taxi-tout, and the army of wastrels, cranks and tub-thumpers to abstract thought and theory. He would learn what discipline had done for him, what organisation might do for him. So we have the paradox in England of those two strenuous "Little Englanders" (*pace* Colonel Weston), Shaw and Hyndman, alone fearlessly advocating national service, while even Lord Roberts employs euphemy to describe it, and politicians bar the word in the same way that it is not permitted in America to talk about a leg.

All the same, the Army is the leg of England, and it walked well enough on the Continent from the days when

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"Cœur de Lion" and the Black Prince led it to the last English European charge at Balaclava, and had Gladstone been given his way, our Bearskins would have been sent against the Turk at the time of the Armenian atrocities. Historically, there is no disgrace in possessing an army. England has always fought in Europe, and, strange as it may appear, has generally won. Cromwell, founder of the Navy, perhaps the greatest statesman England ever had, beat the drum all the time. It was Pitt who really destroyed Napoleon. Unless we are prepared to study the map, as he did, sooner or later apathy will be pitted against preparedness, and when it does the Potsdam battle-drum may be heard in Piccadilly.

Anyhow, we shall have to make up our minds, and quickly, or it will be too late. The whole European situation is curiously similar to the terrorism of Buonaparte, except that the driving force of the present war craze is fear, whereas in the times of the Corsican it was action. There are possibilities, of course. The Kaiser may die—his son may turn out a humanitarian, like his grandfather; and again, the Emperor Joseph may die, and his heir may turn out to be a veritable firebrand. The chances are even. Somewhere a great soldier statesman may arise, but, unless it is to be Mrs. Pankhurst, there is not much likelihood of that. A few ethnic and geographical landslides are conceivable—in the final adjustment of the Balkan States, and even in Austria; but in no case will the military madness of the Kaiser be affected, in no case will the burden of armaments be alleviated or the constant panics and friction, or the anomaly of this mock-religious Barbarossa savagery be removed from Europe until the drum forces an issue. Such is the prospect, for that Social Democracy in Germany or elsewhere will be strong enough to rise up and put an end to this barbarism is not to be contemplated, and there is no other agency available.

The Church, Christianity, will follow the drum, as it always has done through the ages. War! It has lived on war. Every battle since the Crusades has been fought in its name. Assuredly there is no hope there, though in

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England alone last year eight thousand books on theology were written and published. Humanity, alas! is frail.

*"Mourir pour sa patrie, n'est pas un triste sort
C'est s'immortaliser par une belle mort."*

Don't we all know it, King, Pope, publican and politician? The empty drum! At its beat civilisation throws off its mask. And the blood surges in our temples, and women are proud of their motherhood. Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan! An ugly noise, yes! The call of blood and death! Admitted. Well, it is beating now in Europe loud enough, coming across the waters even into the hamlets and gardens of England. Shall we, too, follow it, goose-step, eyes front, "for God and King"? Shall we follow our Socialists with their appeal for military preparedness, or shall we pass on to the thirteenth tee, and risk pot-luck—when it comes?

Play of the Month

"Geegee-Bowwow"

THOUGH the serious playhouses seem to be suffering from their quarterly "slump," there can be no question of the success of *Geegee-Bowwow*, and I am not forgetting *Oh! Oh! Delphine!*, *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, or that alien thing they tried to popularise, called *The Pretenders*, or even *Hullo, Ragtime!* which is said to have gone one better than the Electric. I have forgotten the author's name, but that does not matter; the significance of this stupendous piece lies in its close relation to life and the absence of that traditional technique which is the Meccano of the professional playwright.

Consider its advantages. The stereotyped guffaw of the Stage is done away with, because no one merely laughs at this latest Anglo-American production; people "roar" and fall into one another's laps—which I was told subsequently in the Box Office was one of the secrets of its success. Then there is no tiresome homogeneity of characterisation. There is no triangle business. Emotion is in the theatre, so to speak, not on the stage, with the result that audiences are placed in immediate and intimate communion with the performers, thus returning to classical traditions and to Granville Barker's eccentricities. Let me explain. As in Grecian times, the Chorus is the chief thing, and they roam indiscriminately about the theatre, in and out of the stalls, right round the dress and upper circles (like the pantomimic monkey used to do), even up to the gallery, the whole house being so constructed as to allow free passage among the audience on the German scheme devised by Reinhardt. And this walking the plank is an extraordinarily attractive feature. It affords the "nuts," suburbia, and all those young folk "dying to go on the stage," the free opportunity to make acquaintance with the 150 carefully chosen Beauty-ladies, and so re-establish that Shakespearian intimacy which was the glory of the Elizabethan age.

Then there are the dresses, and here again the old technique is reduced to a minimum. For the first act, in the smuggler's cave, the chorus are all in silk bathing-dresses;

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in the second they appear in pyjamas; in the third, in running kit; and in the fourth they are robed in a new fashion, styled "runaways," positively remarkable for its classic simplicity. Every lady has different hair, a different shape, a different height. In short, there is nothing done which ought to be undone, and nothing undone which ought to be done, so that naturally the censor had no difficulty in the matter. And this is the guiding principle of the production.

The play itself is billed as tragic-farce, and it tells the old story of the war of the sexes, for though there is no construction, there is a *dénouement* which takes place in a grand tank, covering the entire stage, representative of the sea. It is called the "Bath of Aphrodite," giving the ladies the unique privilege of outdiving and out-advertising Miss Kellermann, both in natation and physical perfection.

Of the male actors, it is impossible to speak too highly; their hair is so well-greased that even after the diving scene they take their calls without a follicle disturbed; moreover, they are nearly all Honourables, quite a number of whom have been in the Guards. It is this actuality which raises the play so far above the ordinary commercial venture, making of the traditional illusion of the Playhouse a school and vantage ground of life. Purged of all laboured excrescence, the play acts of itself. In three hours the brain or mind of the spectator is given a complete rest-cure, from which there is no escape. Whenever there is a pause in the rocking laughter, one of the actors steps forward and exclaims, "Geegee-Bowwow," and its effect is spontaneous and accumulative. Even lower-school boys from Eton laugh, proving once again that genuine wit is still an English quality, more infectious than syncopation.

"But what is Geegee-Bowwow, people may ask, and that, like "Little Mary," is reserved as a surprise to the end. The entire male chorus, massed on the stage, demand an explanation. They are weary of the sex problem. "What is Geegee-Bowwow?" they exclaim, with arms outstretched, *more* the Chorus of *Œdipus*, and for the first time the audience stops laughing. Just for ten seconds it has to think, in itself a triumph of stage-management, then shrilly, like a storm-thrush piping its warning, a wee, feminine voice floats down from the gallery: "Geegee-Bowwow, it is," and there it breaks off in a delicious

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ripple of laughter, taken up and reverberated in turn by each of the 150 Beauty-ladies from 150 different parts of the house—"Hee, Hee, Hee! Ho, Ho, Ho! Ha, Ha, Ha!" now in this tonic, now in that, until the hero himself swaggers into the centre of the stalls and tells the ladies "it is not fair upon the spectators, who have to catch trains and taxis, to entertain them any longer."

One by one the ladies, simpering and giggling, descend, until each one stands with pointed finger facing her male partner. "Don't you know?" they shriek as one woman, and when the men shout back a virile "No," the heroine advances to the footlights, and in baby tones proclaims: "Geegee-Bowwow, it is what every man of you is."

Needless to describe the scene that follows, deep with the feeling of an Alma Tadema picture. One hundred and fifty kisses are planted simultaneously on 150 carmine lips, while 600 white arms fuse in embrace. The pathos of the thing is indescribable, and then in the midst of the rapture the "prettiest girl in society," selected by a jury of "society notes" journalists, appears seated upon a white elephant, apparelled, too, "like the spring," all in white, with orange blossom in her hair.

"And now we're married, spoons are o'er."

We leave the theatre intoxicated. "Geegee-Bowwow" is on everybody's lips. We feel it is a "knowledgable" play: wholesome, English, Imperial. It's Geegee-Bowwow all the way home, and Geegee-Bowwow first thing next morning in the nursery.

To me, I confess, this play realises the place of the theatre in the national polity. Given Geegee-Bowwow, there can be no need of a Shakespeare theatre, of Gordon Craig, or any society for the education of the theatrical public, such as is solemnly contemplated; also no need of criticism which has to deal chiefly with illusion. As the Halls are rapidly becoming the educational theatre of the public—the future home of plays, music, and the performing arts—so the future of the British drama will be Geegee-Bowwow, rest-cures for the rich and the jaded until the new Everyman generation, or the new neuter woman, sweeps it away. S. O.

Books of the Month

ART

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH GLASS-PAINTING. By MAURICE DRAKE. Thirty-six plates. Werner Laurie. £2 2s. net.

This is a monument of patient scholarship and learning. The art-student and local historian will find everything they want to know on this particular subject; connoisseurs of glass will be stimulated in their researches, while that ambiguous creature known as the "general reader" cannot fail to be charmed by the author's style, by the printing, paper, and magnificent illustrations.

REVIEWS AND APPRECIATIONS. By HERBERT COOK. Heinemann. 10s.

It stands to reason that whatever our author cares to write about the old Italian masters will have the double interest of his personality and erudition. So, whether he discourses upon the vexed question of Titian's age, on Baldassare d'Este, or the "Ariosto" in the National Gallery, we are never disappointed in our expectation of original and vigorous judgment. The carefully compiled index is an added joy.

THE ENGRAVINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By ARCHIBALD G. B. RUSSELL, B.A. With thirty-two illustrations. Grant Richards. 25s. net.

The author goes minutely into the art of the great mystic and the history of his achievements as engraver. Some of the more remarkable works of Blake are reproduced in a series of thirty illustrations, while the *catalogue raisonné*, occupying 150 pages, testifies to loving research. Altogether an admirable production.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF JOHN RUSKIN. By Sir EDWARD T. COOK. Illustrated. George Allen and Co. 21s. net.

We are told in the preface that this pious pilgrimage in the footsteps of the master through Great Britain and the Continent was originally designed to supply some letterpress illustrative of the delightful sketches of Miss Emily Warren, Ruskin's pupil. Sir Edward Cook professes the aim not to repeat what he has already said in his "Life." He has attained that object and succeeded, moreover, in giving us another volume of fresh and intimate recollections.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE FOUNDATIONS OF A NATIONAL DRAMA. By HENRY ARTHUR JONES. Chapman and Hall.

IN the new matter with which Mr. Jones links some collected essays and lectures into a connected whole, he employs the comparative method of criticism and argument. He argues, for instance, from New York to London as though the citizens of those two cities were all of one country. That this method of argument does not always lead to fruitful conclusions there is no dispute. If, therefore, we consult Mr. Jones' Book—the only critical work in English entirely devoted to the subject of a national theatre and drama written by a modern playwright of great experience—it must be for facts rather than for conclusions. Briefly, Mr. Jones' new facts are these. The Millionaire's Theatre, endowed by between thirty and forty wealthy New York financiers, failed. It did so because it lacked the two essentials of a national theatre, namely, a national drama and a

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public for such a drama. What is the nature of the desired national drama? Mr. Jones' homely definition is: something popular and literary. But what is the meaning of literary? Mr. Jones defines it as "that part of what a people reads which remains a permanent possession to them, and does not grow old or stale." Mr. Jones' inference from the fore-mentioned facts is that, as we have neither a national drama nor a public for it, all hope of establishing a national theatre in 1916 is gone. But if Mr. Jones will not allow us to have our ideal theatre yet awhile, he does not deny us alternatives. One is a modest Shakespearean theatre with an annexe for modern plays. Another is the acquisition of the "Academy of Dramatic Art" as it stands. Amid much that is pessimistic in Mr. Jones' general outlook, there is at least one bright ray of hope. He discerns beginnings, and appears to say, "I do not know whether I deceive myself, but it seems to me that the Repertory Theatre is laying the foundation of a national drama. The young writers have my principles in mind, and are applying them in a way which I certainly approve." Surely Mr. Jones is mistaking the part for the whole. The object of each repertory theatre is to produce plays that claim a *relationship* with the part; to promote decentralised drama and the local conscience. National drama must do far more than this. It must claim its *identity* with the whole (whatever the whole may be—the national soul, national conscience, or national life and character). And who is to express this whole? Mr. Jones' next rousing book must be the foundations of a national dramatist.

BACON'S ESSAYS. Sydney Edition. Edited by SYDNEY HUMPHRIES. Adam and Charles Black.

This is anything but a pocket edition of the English sage. It is a reprint of one of 1673, with ornamental lettering and title-page specially designed, and the reproduction of an engraving of Bacon printed in the year of his death—a noble tome, in short, and one to occupy an honoured place in the library.

THE INFLUENCE OF BAUDELAIRE IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND. By G. TURQUET-MILNES. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

It was well that someone should endeavour to sum up the "luxury-versus-morality" theory, as typified in the artistic aspirations of Baudelaire, and trace its history down to our day. For half a century has now passed since this vivifying aspect of *decadence* was thrust upon a reluctant public. Mr. Turquet-Milnes, an enthusiastic and conscientious student of that thought movement, has given us interesting chapters on the development of the Baudelairean spirit in literature, music, and painting. Those dealing with French poetry are most carefully elaborated, and we should have been glad of an additional chapter dealing with Germany, where the Frenchman's influence has given birth to some wondrous and exotic productions.

GARDENS FOR SMALL COUNTRY HOUSES. By GERTRUDE JEKYLL and LAWRENCE WEAVER. "Country Life" Offices. 15s. net.

The second edition of this book has been called for, and no wonder; for under its unassuming title is discovered a work of real distinction, suggestively written, and adorned with a number of judiciously chosen photographs. The authors investigate the *raison d'être* of all those elements—natural and artificial—that conduce to beauty in gardens, and teach us how to exploit them to their fullest artistic value. This is a cold way of putting it; but we must refer to the volume itself those readers who wish to learn with what thoughtfulness the authors have handled their subject.

ALONG THE ROAD. By A. C. BENSON. Nisbet.

One is glad Mr. Benson is "sometimes bored by pious Æneas," for he is one of those "souls" who really seem to have mastered poor

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humanity, so suave, so urbane, so idealistically Etonian is he with his weakness (as he admits) for curates and that positive Churchiness of his which he conceals under the mask of such genuine literary ubiquity. For he is at home everywhere with his pen. All these little studies, *nugæ* (shall we say?) are admirable in expression, feeling, sense and sensitiveness, quite charming, whether the author is lamenting the loss of his dog, or describing his sensations in a crevasse, or talking of the "family nurse," or merely learned, or taking us into his confidence generally, which he does with the artlessness of the classic Sutor himself. And a fellow is astonished at Mr. Benson's kindliness, sanity, sympathy, even modernism. He is awake, receptive, a man of the world. Indeed, a gentleman of the pen with whom no man can quarrel, Mr. Benson is a type, almost a class, of civilisation. One has the impression that he has never been wicked, even as a boy, but that, if he had, well, we might have had in him a great writer—which assertion will no doubt appear preposterous. Never mind! Reading Mr. Benson, we feel pleasantly edified. He reminds us of a green field—impossible to define its charm. But we are all glad there are green fields, even if some prefer the wild crags and spaces! "Along the Road" will be read by many people and enjoyed, for which good purpose it was doubtless written. Amen.

THE BAYREUTH LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER. Translated by CAROLINE V. KERR. Nisbet and Co. 6s.

These letters form an interesting volume, showing how passionately Wagner fought for his ideal, how splendid an artist the man was, and how he won to the great Bayreuth Festival Theatre.

FEMINISM

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. By ELLEN KEY. Putnam. 6s.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN LOVE AND MORALITY. By P. MCCARTHY MORE. Humphries. 3s. 6d.

MARRIED. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Frank Palmer.

A TURKISH WOMAN'S EUROPEAN IMPRESSIONS. By ZEYNEB HANOUM. Seeley, Service, 5s.

What great times we live in! And how the women must be enjoying themselves: learning about life and man, and what love really is in its relation to both sex and society. In these four works they can learn a lot, for these are not sloppy books run up for the market; they deserve awakening woman's attention, and if only Miss Pankhurst would read them, all four, she would be considerably the better for it. Ellen Key is the leading Swedish feminist writer, and she treats the problem seriously. She accepts the ideal of emancipated woman; but she throws down the militants, she utterly repudiates the silly sex-war of the Pankhursts, and her last words are that a feminism which drives individualism in opposition to, instead of within, the race must lead to sex war, which would be fatal to women. Mr. McCarthy More takes up the Christian side, and effectively disposes of the Christian humbug which has cloaked and clogged marriage with its orthodoxy. He shows how Church Christianity has led to the prostitution of marriage, how all its teaching has been immoral according to the teaching of Jesus, how, in short, the first real step towards the emancipation of woman lies in her liberation from Christian shackles. Then we have a very distinguished European Turkish lady, who has jotted down her impressions of the modern woman. She doesn't approve. She doesn't see their beauty, these rampageous girls with their big feet, tennis rackets, golf clubs, and imitation man manners, always flirting, seeming to live "out of love," to care for no one, yet to be always showing off their parts, always trying to excite other men while ignoring their husbands, always on the hunt. She herself is

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public for such a drama. What is the nature of the desired national drama? Mr. Jones' homely definition is: something popular and literary. But what is the meaning of literary? Mr. Jones defines it as "that part of what a people reads which remains a permanent possession to them, and does not grow old or stale." Mr. Jones' inference from the fore-mentioned facts is that, as we have neither a national drama nor a public for it, all hope of establishing a national theatre in 1916 is gone. But if Mr. Jones will not allow us to have our ideal theatre yet awhile, he does not deny us alternatives. One is a modest Shakespearean theatre with an annexe for modern plays. Another is the acquisition of the "Academy of Dramatic Art" as it stands. Amid much that is pessimistic in Mr. Jones' general outlook, there is at least one bright ray of hope. He discerns beginnings, and appears to say, "I do not know whether I deceive myself, but it seems to me that the Repertory Theatre is laying the foundation of a national drama. The young writers have my principles in mind, and are applying them in a way which I certainly approve." Surely Mr. Jones is mistaking the part for the whole. The object of each repertory theatre is to produce plays that claim a *relationship* with the part; to promote decentralised drama and the local conscience. National drama must do far more than this. It must claim its *identity* with the whole (whatever the whole may be—the national soul, national conscience, or national life and character). And who is to express this whole? Mr. Jones' next rousing book must be the foundations of a national dramatist.

BACON'S ESSAYS. Sydney Edition. Edited by SYDNEY HUMPHRIES. Adam and Charles Black.

This is anything but a pocket edition of the English sage. It is a reprint of one of 1673, with ornamental lettering and title-page specially designed, and the reproduction of an engraving of Bacon printed in the year of his death—a noble tome, in short, and one to occupy an honoured place in the library.

THE INFLUENCE OF BAUDELAIRE IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND. By G. TURQUET-MILNES. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

It was well that someone should endeavour to sum up the "luxury-versus-morality" theory, as typified in the artistic aspirations of Baudelaire, and trace its history down to our day. For half a century has now passed since this vivifying aspect of *decadence* was thrust upon a reluctant public. Mr. Turquet-Milnes, an enthusiastic and conscientious student of that thought movement, has given us interesting chapters on the development of the Baudelairean spirit in literature, music, and painting. Those dealing with French poetry are most carefully elaborated, and we should have been glad of an additional chapter dealing with Germany, where the Frenchman's influence has given birth to some wondrous and exotic productions.

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an emancipate, but she is Oriental to the bone. She does not see where the European woman has any serious advantage, except in physical liberty, over the Eastern lady of the harem. Her book reveals a pessimism and sadness which, coupled with the charm of a distinguished personality, give her work a note of critical significance out of the common. She sees her Western sister in the heyday of the movement—and she remains untouched, doubting, even cynical. This is an interesting book, fresh, stimulating. And now, do all ye militant, window-smashing virgins, do read Strindberg's "Marriage." Here it is translated, a number of stories about married people, most thrilling, most revelatory. Wicked man, sensual man, bestial man, odd man—here they are, "done to the life," not in the insincere English way, but really live folk; and such women, such revelations about sex and things that women don't know about. Strindberg, the story-teller, is as good as Maupassant. This is a real book, a thing to read again and again. What a time for the women, to be sure! Soon they will know all about man, and when they do—ah! gentle friends—they will love us all the more. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. To love, too, is to forgive all. Women should read these stories of marriage. These four points of view all teach that sex still is, and ever will be, the crux of what they chose to call the problem, but which is really the essential condition of life and nature.

FICTION

GUTTER-BABIES. By DOROTHEA SLADE. Heinemann.

One opens this book with a feeling of dread, for Gutter-Babies, Guttergarten, seem strangely sentimental definitions of life in Notting Dale; but people should read on, and they will find in this little book something of the real thing, a voice, as it were, speaking from the very dregs of poverty and degradation. Almost inevitably, the work of George Gissing rises up against it. He saw only the horror, the brutality, the squalor and misery of the slums. Miss Slade, who, preaching no moral, suggesting no remedy, striking no pessimistic note, has managed to write of these people cheerfully, even beautifully, touching it all with almost a fairy wand, and yet reaching us as close as Gissing did, with his far greater literary art, even in the materialism of "Thyrza." The fact is interesting, too, from the literary point of view. Gissing hated the nether world, he studied it for copy, and though he lived in it for years, he missed the essential truth which is the key to its understanding—its robustious, unconquerable humour. And here comes Miss Slade with a sloppy sentimentality and strikes rock-bottom right away. Humour—that is the salvation of the unclassed; despair—it is the one unforgivable sin. The real poor have no use for despair, which is an intellectual attainment. They laugh; they can always laugh. The one notable thing in their lives is death. To be a "good corpse" is the grand achievement of their days.

As before said, there is an irritating sentimentality about Gutter-Babies, and Miss Slade's style runs away with her at times into a nebulosity which is positively unintelligible. *La femme!* of course. None the less, she does not shrink from fact. She makes no attempt to obscure the hideous degradation of these people; and though she seems to move and think in a fairy world of golden gutter-babies of her own imagination, she yet contrives to picture the truth, sometimes with an intensity, a poignancy, a realism which are more than merely revelatory, making her book a useful social document.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE KING. By SIDNEY DARK. John Lane. 6s.

It is a pleasure to welcome Mr. Sidney Dark as novelist; in these days one is often tempted to think that better work is done on the press than by most novel writers, and, to be sure, there is no cause for disappointment. This is a kind of *Te Deum* of the ordinary, jolly man, and

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we feel sure that the ordinary, jolly man will read it. He should. It is a slap-up tonic for the drudge of life. The author expounds a forcible doctrine which makes a good case for special pleading—that of jovial irresponsibility, a healthy love of life and frolic, the right to be simple, to be natural, to be oneself which in these servile days is what most men seem afraid of. We enjoyed the fervour of the author. We expect many people will enjoy the "Man who would not be King"; it expresses much that many feel, but seem unable to realise.

THOSE THAT DREAM. By YOŖ PAWLOWSKA. Duckworth.

This is no professional novel; form, construction are curiously floating quantities, and what happens, happens of itself, as it were. Yet it interested us not a little. Without style there is a style—the charm of absolute simplicity, which finds its natural expression unhampered by either theory or cunning. And the author has something to say, something which is not quite clear, yet comes out at us, like a faint aroma warning of hidden passion and storm. There is a curious and fascinating account of child life; there are scenes of love; there are charming touches of Italy and its scenery; and over it all there broods a femininity which has no little of the siren's skill luring us towards her. Above the rut of fiction this. And it has the quality of sincerity and faithful relation to life.

THE NIGHT OF TEMPTATION. By VICTORIA CROSS. Werner, Laurie, 6s.

There is a well-appointed rectory in Devon, with footman and motor-car all complete, and the rector's wife, who entertains for her husband *the solid dislike which is the basis of most marital relations*, commits adultery with some gentleman friend. It is only a passing whim; being a sensible woman, she soon *dismisses her lover*. But the result of this little indiscretion presently appears in the shape of another daughter—the rector's third—the *gay, loving Regina, the child of sin*. Regina is a beautiful girl; *her arms, they gleamed, milk-colour, amongst the tulle*. She is also clever; she hates church-going because it makes her "realise what wretched things all these religions are"; she reads Euripides in the original, and paints a picture for which a Bond Street dealer gets £500. Best of all, she has inherited her mother's *flair for the right kind of man*.

Who, indeed, could resist the paragon Everest? He is forty-six years of age, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and in him *Nature had built up through all these years one of her masterpieces*. Luckily for Regina, he is not the kind of man to let the grass grow under his feet. On the day after his arrival at the rectory he calls her "darling"; next, he draws her into a "close, long embrace," to which she responds ardently; then, like a manly man (what else could he do?), he seduces her—oh, ever so nicely! not, as he might have done, during one of her nocturnal visits to the private apartment which the amiable rector had placed at his disposal, but in the odorous and romantic garden. *Innocently, grandly, full of a fervent delight in him, as she had in beauty, she had given herself to him, as Venus might have given herself to Anchises*. He dislikes the idea of marriage (p. 75), and so does she—"I have given you what I have given. There is nothing I want from you." It was rather risky work, however, these amorous entertainments in Paradise; the *possibility of discovery, of interruption*, says the authoress, was ever present. But Heaven is kind to true lovers, and nobody ever came upon them in those leafy recesses when they talked of the new life that might *spring from those dear, glad hours*.

Everest goes to his flat in London, where Regina joins him, always unmarried. The rector is informed of his erring daughter's whereabouts, and leaves her alone, reasonably conjecturing that *no connection with a rich man could be wholly bad*. The loving couple go to Egypt, where another girl turns up. Everest leaves his pseudo-conjugal couch with Regina to spend the night—why not be frank, like Victoria Cross?—with her. It stands to reason that this was not a serious affair; it was only "a

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mutual amusement" (p. 261). Why sleep always with the same person? The thing is perfectly unnatural! *One might as well argue, says Victoria Cross, that because one dines every night at home, one never wants to dine out with a friend.*

Does Victoria Cross often dine out?

There follows a fantastic episode of a lion which wounds Regina, and during her convalescence in the tent she reads "Anna Lombard." What is "Anna Lombard"? It is another book by our authoress, of which half a million copies have been sold. And they tell us that women have no business instincts! Haven't they! How many copies of the "Night of Temptation" have been sold, on the strength of its title alone?

Enough. The book is the approved British mixture of melodrama, crude psychology, and lust. It is revolting. A Christian rector who acquiesces in the misconduct of his daughter, a bastard born in wedlock: what more do we want? One trembles to think of the howl of execration that would have arisen from the entire press of the country if some man-writer had condensed this libidinous drivel into a short story for THE ENGLISH REVIEW. But a woman can do anything, and of course we are not trying to put Victoria Cross on the index; on the contrary, as she very well knows, we are giving her an excellent advertisement. By all means let us conjure up hot visions of love from her palpitating pages. But let us try to be consistent. Compared with this volume, that of Gilbert Cannan, which also deals with a rector's family, and was banned by the libraries, is pure as the Sermon on the Mount. Truly, our library authorities are like God: they move in a mysterious way.

THE LURE OF CROONING WATER. By MARION HILL. London: John Long. 6s.

"The Lure of Crooning Water" is an American story concerning an actress and her three lovers—a cool but musical doctor, an immoral rich man, and a high-souled farmer. Georgette has a breakdown, and the doctor sends her to Crooning Water Farm for rest. She enchants everyone; she even sets herself to make the rigid-looking farmer, Horace Dornblazer, fall in love with her, and succeeds. For Crooning Water adds to her beauty as well as health. In the hope of saving the Madonna-like Mrs. Dornblazer, Georgette flees from Crooning Water. Arriving in New York in the nick of time, she takes the place of a famous actress who has collapsed, and she triumphs. Then in the same day she tells Horace that she cares nothing for him, though he has left wife and home for her, and accepts the rich man by sortilege. When she learns that Horace has gone humbly back to his wife, she pays them a visit of a quarter of an hour, bewitches all, and leaves behind a portrait for the man. She is met on her return by the doctor, and won, too. The story is a neat and bright presentation of one who "thought shudderingly, 'I'm in love like a milkmaid and it's horrible,' of Nature and 'the insistent, subtle, secret message of Crooning Water,' and of the farm-wife who never sees a criminal without fancying there is a mother somewhere who remembers him in all his innocence and cunning ways." The slangy theatrical manager and Georgette herself, so long as she is in New York, are charmingly done. A better mixture of the frivolous and the emotional in a theatrical milieu, with the market for that mixture definitely in view, is seldom contrived.

THE COMBINED MAZE. By MAY SINCLAIR. Hutchinson. 6s.

Miss Sinclair has written a book which will please those of her admirers who felt that in "The Creators" she had attempted an almost impossible task. It might seem that her new task is at least as hard a one as the other, for to present the domestic lives of the male and female clerks who live in Wandsworth and Wimbledon would appear to be as difficult—for one who has not lived among them—as to present the domestic lives of a bevy of geniuses. But Miss Sinclair failed with the geniuses,

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whereas she has successfully imagined herself into the atmosphere of the clerks. She has indeed rather too poetically extolled the physical fitness and muscularity of her favourite hero and heroine; but she makes up for this weakness by admirably exposing its opposite—the “flabbiness” and “weediness” of those who make no struggle against the monotony of naturally monotonous lives. It is his “weedy” father, the chemist—a delightfully sketched character—who makes Ranny dissatisfied with home; it is the “flabby” girl who lures him away from his true partner and drags him into a domestic sordidness from which even his wife’s flight affords no relief. Miss Sinclair has represented with fidelity the conditions under which such persons live—the economic obstacles to marriage, the lack of financial margin which makes matrimony horrible, the housing conditions to which they are compelled to submit, the financial handicap which cuts them off even from proceedings for divorce. The story is neatly constructed. There are many good characters. Here we have a real book, true, and vital.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

THE POSITIVE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION. By FREDERIC HARRISON, D.C.L.
Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.

Interesting to observe how, with the genial tactics of an old campaigner, Mr. Harrison dissects the different European faiths, and establishes the points of contact between them and his Religion of Humanity. Roman Catholicism appeals greatly to him, and yet—“No. Catholics may come to us. We cannot go to Catholics.” The Church of England, chiefly on account of its elasticity, evokes a fair share of praise, together with this charming remark: “I join in its services on due occasion with a certain sympathy and patience.” Somewhat harsher treatment is meted out to the adherents of Orthodox dissent, by reason of their fond reliance on the insecure literary miscellany known as the Bible; but the author’s sternest language is reserved for the Deists and Theists.

The chapters dealing with them are the key of the book. Theism is repugnant to Mr. Harrison because of its individualistic tendency; it has no fixed *cult or worship* such as Positivism demands (p. 242). This sacerdotal tinge, suffusing an ambitious scheme to profit by everything that is noble in human thought from fetichism to marconigrams, is the cloven foot of Positivism. No finely wrought nature will ever be able to assimilate such incongruous material. A man like Pasteur, who would certainly be enrolled among Comtist saints—what shall he, for example, do with a fixed ritual of worship? Why should he worship, and whom? His time is too valuable to be frittered away by periodical relapses into animism. Moreover, such persons lack the adoring herd-spirit; they know nothing of Providence, Life after Death, and the other anti-rational paraphernalia of Positivism; they are disinterested workers who find God in their own honesty of purpose, and scorn the emotionalism which inspires every kind of public ceremonial rite. Again, those other Positivist saints, like Jesus of Nazareth, while abhorring the intellectual aspirations of the Pasteur type, are guided in their acts by impulse rather than by reason, and therefore even more disruptive and centrifugal; they will not bend to the bidding of any mortal. Revolt from tradition: that is the watchword of all those sages and saviours whom the religion of Humanity holds up to our worship. If so, how long will its own cherished traditions survive?

An odd attitude, when one comes to think of it—this love of synthesis, this hankering after authority and ethical sanction which would galvanise the decayed bones of ecclesiastical discipline! So Mr. Harrison prefers the teachings of the Apostle of the Gentiles to those of Christ. *To take Jesus of Nazareth as the founder and type of Christianity is rank treason to the memory of Paul of Tarsus.* Why this preference? Because Paul is constructive after the Positivist manner; he endeavours to synthesise the bland but hopelessly discordant conceits of the “young

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Jewish reformer and revolutionary." With what results, we all know. Paul's chaotic morality and crazy dialectics have added a hundred new difficulties to the old ones. He is the *enfant terrible* of Christianity.

For the rest, our sense of right and wrong, were it old as the hills, alters its shape day by day as surely as these do. Intuitive virtues have gone the way of other psychological lumber. It is well to succour the distressed and reverence the wise, as M. Comte and other people would have us do. It is well also, being no longer children, to realise that we are creatures of the sun, insignificant and ephemeral planetary products, whose finest exemplars are worthy of worship only in so far as they exhibit that adaptation to an ever-changing environment which is the pride and guarantee of specific life.

It may well be that this book does not altogether instil the philosophic humility begotten of communion with the stars. For its theme is *homo sapiens*—man, not as cosmic phenomenon, but as a terrestrial animal infested with certain beliefs and superstitions, which it is the business of Positivism to unravel and usefully co-ordinate for his guidance. Within those limits all is well. Positivism is a cult of practical and earthly-hopeful complexion, and Mr. Harrison, its exponent, has done his task with great discrimination. Every page contains luminous and stimulating suggestions. And more than that (for a writer may be stimulating and yet disingenuous)—he has given us a human document, veracious from end to end; the utterance of a mind benevolent, cultured, and of crystalline sincerity.

HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY. By A. W. BENN. Watts and Co.

We have to thank the Rationalist Press Association for another and very useful little book. The salient features of the various schools, from Giordano Bruno to Nietzsche, are stated as clearly and concisely as well may be, considering the size of the book. At a time when the phenomena of consciousness are beginning to have a public, Mr. Benn's contribution should be useful to more than beginners, and a very welcome addition to his "History of Ancient Philosophy." His "comparative anatomy" of ideas is free from dogmatism; but where he makes his points they carry conviction and are well worthy the consideration of advanced students; as instance—to quote only one item—his rejection of Hegel's "negation of the world" applied to Spinoza's pantheism. The potentialities of speculative thought can hardly be exhausted where a conception of Infinity and Eternity must have for inevitable corollary a belief in the impossibility of an ultimate, while sentiency exists at all, "or," to quote the concluding paragraph, "that we are any nearer finality or agreement than when Heraclitus first glorified war as the father of all things, and contradiction as the central spring of life." But—Man's desire for truth in all things is a religion in itself, which will survive when lesser gods are forgotten. The book has ten illustrations, from Bruno to Herbert Spencer.

POETRY AND DRAMA

LOVE POEMS AND OTHERS. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Duckworth. 5s. net.

We have nothing but praise for this book of love poems. It is strong meat, the naked passion without shame. It is full of that strong passion which makes a man and woman, finding how weak they really are—in spite of the charms and desires that still torment them—feel like killing each other. In these love poems we have kisses; but they are kisses that make the tongues meet. We have touching; but it is not the quiet holding of hands—it is the fingering of underlip. This last verse in "Cherry Robbers" is a good example of the author's work:—

Under the haystack a girl stands laughing at me,
With cherries hung round her ears—
Offering me her scarlet fruit: I will see
If she has any tears.

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The significance of the last few words will be plain to everyone. They are to be said in a whisper. In fact, they have so much passion that they whisper of themselves; and we drop our voices before we understand their full meaning.

But as good as these love poems are, we think the very best things in the book are the four poems in dialect, especially the one called "Violets." These four poems so express themselves, through their deep feeling, that we lose sight of the fact that they are written in dialect. The lines run in such a natural way that we are reminded of Barnes, whose dialect poems are perhaps the best in the English language. We can safely say this: what is written in this book is not likely to disappoint any who are willing to confess that they are made of flesh and blood.

COLLECTED VERSE OF RUDYARD KIPLING. Hodder and Stoughton.
20s. net.

No Kipling-collector will be likely to let this fine edition slip through his hands. Whether it will be exactly *ære perennius* we cannot say; we rather think not; but it has certainly been produced regardless of expense and with a view to being handed down, after the fashion of the family Bible, to succeeding generations of delighted readers. In other words, the material and the type are of the best possible quality.

HELEN REDEEMED AND OTHER POEMS. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Macmillan.

Into the subtle flesh of a still vitally physical Helen Mr. Hewlett has engrafted a psychological subtlety that stands his title-poem in good stead. Otherwise, her redemption, by a second treachery, would have been, in all probability, as little convincing as profitable for the reader. As it is, the romantic rather than the classic method results in a story not only eminently good reading in itself, but one vivid with a bright beauty of its own—a beauty very real in its passion, its penitence, and that didacticism whose teaching is at one with the essential ethic of sexual life. For Helen undergoing her process of redemption makes manifest the supreme arbiter's decree in these things: the tragedy involved in Waste is never more emphatic than when Love points the moral, and passion, dead among the sloughed sensations of carnal decrepitude, shows how any love higher than the body's was lacking for saving grace. Her sin with Paris was bodily love, and, at the end, by bodily loathing she must pay the price Odysseus demands for the only salvation left her. Helen knows what every woman knows: the law of love, the anarchy of sin. We feel, as Menelaus feels, that he, her lawful lord, is so not by virtue of the convention that is in marriage, but by the love that was in it for them, and all it stood for, in the past. Love, passionate love, the quickening of the senses by the sanctifying impulse of the tenderest of all truths, is the dominant note of nearly every poem in the book. For the setting of such passion there is a curious glow of sensuous beauty, bright with the breath of sun and wind and sea, like a rarer and larger atmosphere than ours—an effect which Mr. Hewlett obtains by some means of his own as happy in result as it is elusive of description.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF GREATER BRITAIN. Compiled by E. A. HELPS.
J. M. Dent.

The editor has omitted poems of love-passion and religious devotion from this anthology, and relies chiefly upon those descriptive of Nature and man's relations with his mighty mother in the more lonely places of the world. The subjective powers which are the birthright of the greater poet are hardly to be expected in such a compilation as this; but, from a wide range of the objective and the obvious, over one hundred singers—in some 300 pages of close print—enable us to share their passion for broad horizons, fresh air, mountain and lowland, green earth and barren, lakes and streams and seas, and a man's free life generally, where life is vigorously in keeping with an environment whose primordial forces are like visualised features to his eyes. The large voice of patriotism makes many echoes; and there is heard in places the far-off note of legendary things.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MY NATIVE VILLAGE AND OTHER VERSES. By E. A. BUCKMASTER.
W. Heffer and Son, Ltd. 2s. 6d.

THE TROUBADOUR AND OTHER POEMS. By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.
Hodder and Stoughton.

It is surely an unkind accident of a commercial world that tosses rhyme into the net of the reviewer. For of all the copious output of modern literary activity nothing more simply and certainly find its own level. No petals from blown roses fall gentlier to the ground than do these natural outpourings of ardent and cultivated spirits who possess ability to express in verse the emotions of the heart. That ability is far commoner than a coarse and commercially minded world is apt to think. If we say that poetic thought and appropriate metre are properly blended in these two tasteful little books, we shall but do them justice. Were we to add that they possess the element of immortality which is the dream of every poet we should be going further than would be right or true.

SCIENCE

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE. By CHARLTON BASTIAN, F.R.S. Watts and Co.
3s. 6d.

The lay mind has heard of spontaneous combustion; it has been left to Charlton Bastian to come forward with most careful scientific evidence of the reality of "spontaneous generation," which, if it is true, is actually the key to the solution of the origin of life on this world, hitherto explained by the six days' miracle of the Word according to Genesis. With the conservatism characteristic of English Bodies, the Royal Society declined Mr. Bastian's memoir with the curt remark that it was "not considered suitable for acceptance by the Society"; just as the official medicals have refused even a hearing to bonesetters. No matter. Here is the book, and we strongly recommend thinking people to read it. Mr. Bastian claims to have produced bacilli, bacteria, vibriones, micrococci, streptococci, and torulæ from tubes hermetically sealed after they had been heated to 115° C. and higher for ten to twenty minutes, whereas it is scientifically accepted that the thermal death-point of all such is less than 100° C. This lethal point was accepted by Huxley and Pasteur. The deduction is that these organisms in favourable conditions generate *de novo*, and if this is so then the genesis of living matter is no longer a mystery, and the first step has been taken towards the actual solution of life. This theory, heterogenesis, is, of course, fiercely combated by orthodoxy, and also by the bacteriologists, who apparently see in it the combustion of their own theory—a view which Bastian disputes. His discovery shows that no previous "infection" could have taken place. There the matter stands. The attitude of the Royal Society is not only deplorable, but seriously reprehensible. Right or wrong, Mr. Bastian is entitled to a hearing, and whether the Society like it or not, sooner or later they will have to examine Mr. Bastian's memoir. Here is another case of the crushing effect of orthodoxy in this country. But no serious person to-day attributes the origin of life on this earth to the intervention of non-natural or miraculous causes. Why, then, this stupidity on the part of the Society? Most unscientific. Most unsportsmanlike, gentlemen!

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